THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Liverpool has this year been held under very different circumstances from those which have attended most of its recent meetings. The Federation has no longer to organise victory at the polling-booths, for victory has been achieved. Nor has it to denounce the sins of the Ministers of the day, for the men now in power are in full accord with the principles it professes. But an important work still remains to be done by the Federation. Its first business is to strengthen and formulate the demands of the Liberal party generally, and to bring that kind of friendly pressure to bear upon Ministers which even the strongest of Governments needs at times. No member of the Ministry will be the worse for being reminded that he has an anxious and expectant party behind him, and that he is bound to carry out the pledges which he gave to that party before the General Election. At Liverpool the Ministry was strongly represented by the Home Secretary, whose speech was delivered too late to be commented upon here.

ANOTHER duty of the National Liberal Federation in present circumstances is to weigh the respective claims of causes which, if they cannot be said to be in rivalry, are at least in friendly contention for precedence. The Federation does not represent London or the country alone; nor is it composed wholly of Prohibitionists or "new" Socialists. It gathers together a fair representation of all classes and districts in England, and it ought in consequence to be better able to speak for the Liberal party as a whole than any sectional body or particular journal can speak. We gather from the proceedings on Wednesday that the members of the Federation put registration reform in the first place in their programme. The claims of London, which are pressed with creditable persistency by some of the younger men, seem to be freely recognised by the provincial Liberals, whilst payment of members, village government reform, and temperance legislation all seem to rouse the enthusiasm of the members of the Federation. The keynote of the coming Session seems to have been successfully struck at the Liverpool gathering.

THE *Daily News* of last Saturday contained a remarkable article to which, for more than one reason, we feel bound to call attention. In substance it was almost a paraphrase of our own article of the previous week on the difficult points in the Home Rule Bill. Taking up those points one by one, it not merely repeated the suggestions we made for their settlement, but stated explicitly that they had practically been agreed upon between the Ministry and the Irish members. This is going somewhat beyond our own information on the subject; but we shall be heartily pleased if it should prove to be true. Believing that the suggestions we made in the article upon which so much comment has been expended indicate the lines along which Ministers ought to move if they are to arrive at a settlement of the Home Rule question satisfactory to the people of Ireland, and not injurious to the people of Great Britain, we shall rejoice if in the end the Cabinet follows those lines in its Home Rule plan.

BUT we have still a further word to say with regard to the *Daily News*. We say it without any desire to create an unfriendly feeling between ourselves and an esteemed contemporary. On Thursday, the 12th inst., the *Daily News* printed an emphatic contradiction of the assertion that any temporary arrangement with regard to the retention of the Irish members would be found in the Home Rule Bill. It accompanied that contradiction by an article in which the writer expended a rather unnecessary amount of scorn and contempt upon those persons who had dared to speculate upon the probable contents of the Home Rule Bill. Their speculations were declared, with tautological emphasis, to be "rubbish of the most entirely worthless description," and they themselves were pleasantly denounced as impostors. On Friday, the 13th, the *Times* assumed that this splenetic outburst was directed against THE SPEAKER, and it waxed merry over the spectacle thus presented of one Liberal journal violently denouncing another. On Saturday, the 14th, the *Daily News*, as we have already said, published the remarkable article in which it adopted our suggestions almost *seriatim*, and announced that they formed the basis of the understanding on which the Home Rule Bill was being framed. This, we think, we may regard as sufficient proof of the fact that the *Times* was wrong in imagining that the anger of the *Daily News* was directed against THE SPEAKER. It would have been too absurd to denounce as rubbish unworthy of credence the statements which two days later it solemnly repeated and accepted.

PERHAPS it is too much to expect that those critics who first gave THE SPEAKER article a

character which we had expressly disclaimed for it, and then charged us with having misled them by pretending to an inspiration that we did not possess, will do justice to us in this matter. The ways of the London Correspondent of the provincial press are wonderful indeed. Certain newspapers, it is true, have correspondents who may be trusted implicitly. Of these we do not speak. But the rank and file of the army which purveys the "London letter" furnishes at times rather a sorry spectacle. It is almost as sorry as the spectacle which the editors of the Tory evening newspapers present when they discuss political questions. How any men could be so hopelessly ignorant of facts which it might be supposed were notorious wherever politicians met together; how any men could be so inaccurate even in their repetition of arguments which must have been staring them in the face in plain black and white as they wrote; and how any men could be so completely devoid of the sense of proportion, so absolutely unable to distinguish between important essentials and the most trivial of non-essentials—it is impossible to understand. If M. Blowitz should ever succeed in starting his School of Journalism he should begin by teaching his students something more about politics than the dismal gossip of Fleet Street and the Lobby upon which most of our young lions now subsist.

Some of the comments of the provincial newspapers upon our Home Rule article are of such a character that they really deserve to be preserved. Thus a writer in the *Scottish Leader* gravely informs the world that our remarks about Mr. Labouchere last week are in very bad taste seeing that "he is the one man outside the Cabinet, with the single exception of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who has been consulted on the drafting of every vital clause of the new Bill!" The *Bradford Observer* again delivers itself of a ponderous rebuke, not only to The Speaker, but to the *Daily News*, for having resorted to "illegitimate means" in order to be first in the field with information about the Home Rule Bill. Perhaps our contemporary will kindly explain. If it has any kind of evidence in support of this charge, let it produce it. As a matter of fact, the only "illegitimate means" of which we have seen anything in connection with the matter are the absolutely unfounded insinuations of journals like the *Bradford Observer*.

The prompt and decisive settlement of the Egyptian trouble has had a very marked effect upon public opinion in this country. It has shown how absolutely baseless is the impression, sedulously fostered in many quarters, that the present Government of Great Britain is a weak one. The *Standard* of Thursday morning paid a handsome tribute to the energy and decision with which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have acted in dealing with what might have been a very troublesome business; and in making this acknowledgment, it merely spoke the sentiments of a large body of the public hitherto either actively hostile towards the Government or distinctly suspicious of it. Nothing, indeed, could have been more fortunate for Ministers than this unexpected crisis at Cairo. Henceforth we shall hardly hear anything about their "timidity" and "indecision" in foreign affairs; nor, let us hope, will our critics in future single out Lord Rosebery as the sole member of the Government worthy of their confidence. The Foreign Secretary has shown great tact and courage in connection with the crisis; but he could not have achieved the success on which he can now congratulate himself if he had not been loyally backed by his colleagues.

It is to be regretted that the gossip-mongers can find nothing better to do at present than to circulate imaginary scares regarding Mr. Gladstone's health. This week they have been at their old tricks, and we have been treated once more to reports of the most alarming kind concerning the Prime Minister. As a matter of fact, we can say authoritatively that there is absolutely no foundation for the tales they have spread abroad. Mr. Gladstone is not suffering from sleeplessness, has not lost his appetite, and feels quite equal to the heavy duties which are at present laid upon him. His colleagues in the Cabinet, who have witnessed the unflagging energy with which he has discussed the various questions brought before that body, have no feeling of uneasiness regarding the actual condition of his health, and, in short, there is not the slightest necessity for anybody, whether friend or foe, to feel troubled on the subject. Having said this, on the best possible authority, we trust that it will be long before it is necessary to refer to the matter again.

Our contemporary the *Daily Chronicle* complains of our paragraph last week regarding the attacks made upon Mr. Fowler and the Chancellor of the Exchequer by some of the friends of the London County Council. Before we touch upon the matter at issue we may observe (parenthetically) that the *Daily Chronicle* is wrong in ascribing to this journal a semi-official character. For the statements which appear here the editor holds himself solely responsible; and we would much rather that our readers took them for what they are worth than that they should ascribe to them the factitious importance which newspaper paragraphs derive from an imaginary inspiration. But as to Ministers and the London County Council, we would only ask if the representatives of the County Council have taken pains to make their wishes known to the President of the Local Government Board, not only as to the extent of their demands, but as to the order in which they wish London legislation to proceed. The *Chronicle* correctly states the objects about which the members of the Council are anxious—the unification of London, the taxation of the landlords, and the enlargement of the administrative powers of the Council. "It has asked for these from the first," says our contemporary, "and it asks now for nothing else." Yes, but surely it does not expect that everything can be accomplished in the crowded Session which is to begin ten days hence? What Ministers can do for the County Council they will do. Of that the friends of the Council may rest assured. But there are limits to the possible; and in the meantime it is hardly wise to fasten with hysterical energy upon innocent paragraphs, and endeavour to discover under simple statements of fact sinister intentions which have never entered into the mind of any Minister.

We are able to confirm the very important announcement made by the *Daily Chronicle* on Thursday morning. The Government have decided on the establishment of a Department of Labour in connection with the Board of Trade. The new Department will for all practical purposes be tantamount to a Ministry of Labour, only that it will not have executive functions, nor a head with a seat in the House of Commons—a limitation which, it is believed, by keeping it free from the influence of political bias, will strengthen its authority should it find it necessary to interfere as an instrument of conciliation in the case of strikes and trade disputes. In this latter respect it is hoped that it may play a very beneficent part, such as, for example, the Higher Council of Labour in Belgium so often succeeds in doing; but the structure of this portion of its machinery has not yet been finally decided on.

The chief and first function of the Labour Department will be the collection, testing, and distribution of information connected with the

labour market. The Department will be generously financed, and will surpass, it is hoped, in the accuracy and amplitude of its information, both of its models—the Labour Bureau of Washington, and the Bourse du Travail of Paris. Though directly connected with the Board of Trade, the new Department will be in close contact with the Home Office, and, in fact, for all industrial interests within the ken of either it will form a link between the two. This announcement is a propitious herald to the opening of the session. It shows that the democratic Government, which in five months has silently revolutionised the whole spirit of administration, means to go on with its work with the full courage of its democratic sympathies. This is the policy which will inspire enthusiasm, which will silence the carpers of all kinds, and which will throw the future into the hands of the Liberal Party.

MR. PICKARD, M.P., feels aggrieved because we have hinted that there are other workers in the industrial hive—say sweated tailors, working sixteen hours a day in an East End den—the conditions of whose toil are possibly gloomier than even those of mining. Mr. Pickard will not listen to this at all, and very naturally, for each man's own grievance is to himself the worst. We have no doubt a sweated tailor from the East End could describe the miseries of his case as eloquently as Mr. Pickard does those of the miners—of which, let us say, we are thoroughly well aware. Perhaps we ought not to have used the word gloomy, remembering that coal is black; Mr. Pickard has us there. But, for the rest, we must take leave to stick to our statement, which simply goes to the effect that there are other industrial evils, and possibly even keener ones, than the conditions of mining, whose risks and hardships we do not by any means under-estimate. Take some of the chemical industries for example (in regard to which Mr. Asquith has been able to make some limited reforms by means of administration since he came into office), where the workers take deadly poison, horrible disease, and premature death as all in the day's work, and get no extra figure of wages as solatium. It is excusable, and even natural, in Mr. Pickard to think as if miners were the only class of suffering workers in the State. But that would not be excusable in us. We will not dwell upon the logic of the suggestion that because we feel not merely for one class of oppressed workers but for all, our sympathy with the working man is the less, for the absurdity of it has doubtless struck Mr. Pickard himself by this.

MR. PICKARD is on more solid ground when he argues that a majority of miners have now declared in favour of a legal eight-hours day. Here are his figures:—

"In Durham a few weeks ago 28,000 voted against a legal eight-hours day and 12,000 for it. There are in Durham 63,432 underground workers above the age of sixteen, and 69,556 of all classes. Therefore, if you take the 69,000 and deduct 28,000 therefrom, and the 12,000 also, it will be noted that 29,000 did not vote on this question at all, thereby leaving a majority of abstainers of 1,000 over those against a legal eight-hours day. In Northumberland 11,000 voted against out of a total of 24,926. It will be seen from these figures that only 39,000 out of a gross total of 506,812 underground workers have voted against a legal eight-hours day. All the other mining districts have taken ballot votes or pitstead meeting votes, and have voted in favour of the legal eight-hours day.

"Legislation is supported by an overwhelming majority, as instanced by the fact that 1,000 in 13,000, or 8,351, vote in favour thereof; whilst, in the next place, this immense majority consider legal effort much safer and likely to prove more effective than Trade Union effort."

WE cannot say that we follow clearly all the above figures; and the putting the 39,000 who voted against in Durham and Northumberland beside the gross total of 506,812 of underground workers, without counting those who voted against in the other mining districts (leaving it to be implied, too, that all the absentees are in favour of legislation), hardly strikes us as ingenuous. However, let Mr. Pickard's word be taken for it that the majority of underground workers are now in favour of a legal eight-hours day. Mr. Pickard adds his conviction that the double-shift system, the Mines Acts limitations of hours and ages, coupled with stringent mines regulations, have had more to do with securing shorter hours for adults than Trade Union efforts of all kinds.

Truth has made certain statements in its current number regarding the recent "mutiny" in the 1st Life Guards, which clearly call for the immediate attention of the military authorities. If the story told in *Truth* on "the best possible authority" is to be trusted, there cannot be any doubt that a very grave scandal has taken place, and that in the interests of the Army and of public justice it is necessary to clear up the matter at issue. Briefly stated, the article in *Truth* points to another and a more highly-placed officer than Captain Rawson, who was the victim of the recent outbreak, as being responsible for the want of discipline in the 1st Life Guards. The matter is too serious to be allowed to rest, and we trust that an investigation into the statements which have now been published will be carried out as early as possible.

THE *Scotsman* is a newspaper which has at all events a great past. We are sorry to see that it can nowadays become at times surprisingly foolish as well as bitter. On Wednesday its London correspondent discovered the hand of Sir Charles Dilke in the Khedive's revolt against British authority. Surely the sturdy Scotch intelligence is above accepting fables of this kind, even from the trusted organs of the intellectual party.

ALL English movements end in compromise; and we can hardly suppose that the scheme with which the University of London has forestalled the report of the Committee on a Teaching University has not an excellent chance of success. At the same time it seems doubtful whether the University of London, whose performance of its present function as an Examining Board for the British Empire is not altogether satisfactory, is wise to assume two such diverse functions in addition as the direction of teaching and the provision for the higher education of London. There seems to us a very serious danger that the graduates who owe their education to nobody save the crammer by correspondence, may be confounded with those who have really profited by its new teaching functions. Its examinations in arts—in which the hand of the amateur is too often apparent—assuredly provide no test of the immense difference between the two classes. But the movement to grant degrees in divinity deserves a cordial welcome in the interest both of the subject and of the students.

ABROAD.

THE political atmosphere was thrilled for a few hours this week by the news that the young Khedive had dismissed his Prime Minister, Fehmy Pasha, and two other members of his Cabinet, and had appointed in Fehmy's stead the obnoxious Fakhri Pasha, in flat defiance of Lord Cromer. Fehmy was about the best Prime Minister Egypt has had since the occupation; Fakhri, without exception, the worst. Fehmy is pro-English; Fakhri, whom Lord Cromer had to remove from office under Tewfik for his opposition to the judicial reforms, spits upon the ground (to use the Egyptian expression) when the Englishman passes. The crisis did not last long. A special Cabinet Council was held in London on Tuesday, and Lord Cromer was wired such instruc-

tions that when he called to see the Khedive next morning that young gentleman had climbed down and ordered Fakhri to go about his business. In order not to humiliate the young ruler unnecessarily before his people, Lord Cromer acceded to his request not to insist upon the reappointment of the Minister he had dismissed, and accordingly Riaz Pasha is to be Prime Minister in Fehmy's and Fakhri's place.

Among the various explanations of the Khedive's freak, the one most natural so far is that which attributes it to his youth. He is only eighteen, and he has but just come from school in Vienna, bringing with him (by all accounts) a rather frisky tutor, one Rouiller Pasha, whose hand the Viennese papers (and they ought to know most about the two) profess to recognise in the performance. Lord Cromer having talked to him seriously, His Majesty will probably not act so again. The suggestion of French and Russian intrigues is improbable. It is not the cue of these Powers to fall out with England if it can be avoided, and indeed the attitude of the French press (though, of course, the temptation for a bit of smart writing was too strong to be wholly resisted) contrasts favourably with that of some of our own Jingo organs at home. The French Foreign Minister in reply to an interpellation on Wednesday said that "anything which struck a blow at the situation established in Egypt by treaties could not be a matter of indifference either to the French Government or to Europe"; and as no such blow has been struck, all is well.

The high fever of Panama has undergone some abatement during the week. At the trial of the directors the case for the prosecution has been closed with an address from the Advocate-General. Maître Barboux began his speech for the defence on Thursday. One eloquent passage evoked "loud applause," whereupon the President, who has a dry humour, reminded the enthusiastic auditory that, as they were in a Court, they must "content themselves with silent admiration." Maître Barboux compared the old age of M. de Lesseps, steeped in bitterness, to that of Christopher Columbus. A sequel to the expulsion of two foreign correspondents from Paris for slandering ambassadors is the introduction of a new Press Bill in the Senate, enabling French newspapers themselves which attack foreign Sovereigns or foreign ambassadors in France to be made amenable to the correctional tribunals.

This measure was warmly debated in the Senate on Thursday, M. Goblet opposing it as unnecessary. It seems only reasonable that if the French Government acts so sternly with foreign correspondents who disregard the obligations of international courtesy, it should have power to put a check upon those newspapers within its own territory from which the offending correspondents usually copy their obnoxious stories. On the other hand, M. Magnard in Thursday's *Figaro* contends that the new law will give a pretext for embarrassing diplomatic interference every time a lively French newspaper indulges in a little burst of native irreverence. It is evident that there will be a strong opposition to the Bill when it gets into the Chamber.

Count Caprivi's speech of Thursday week has necessarily been withheld from publication in full. But the world has been authoritatively assured that it indicates no change either in the European situation or in the attitude of Germany. It has caused consternation and excited indignant protests in Denmark, and the King has indicated his displeasure by refusing to be present at the wedding of Princess Margaret of Prussia. So, at least, it is reported; but the weather affords a more sufficient excuse. As we remarked last week, any increase in the military strength of Denmark is, and always has been, strongly opposed by the Folkething, and the Government now maintains that its sole object is to secure Danish neutrality. The German Chancellor has somewhat modified his words by connecting them with the necessity of defending the Baltic and North Sea Canal. But it is scarcely credible that Denmark would take the offensive, unless, indeed, the German Empire were on the point of resolution into its elementary factors.

But whatever the Chancellor did or did not say, his speech has gone far to modify opposition. The Poles and most of the Catholic Centre—the latter largely representing the Rhine Provinces and South-West Germany, and the two sections, therefore the "two fronts," which Germany will present in the war—are ready to give the Government two-thirds of the additional sixty thousand troops per annum which it demands. Herr von Bennigsen, the leader of the National Liberals, seconds this offer. Even the Liberals, according to Herr Richter, will vote twenty-two thousand, to compensate for the reduction of service to two years; and there is every prospect of some sort of compromise. Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Catholic democracy of Bavaria, has, it is true, only gone as far as Herr Richter; but the bulk of the Centre will probably go much further. Whether the party have obtained valuable consideration—*e.g.*, a promise of the readmission of the Jesuits as an Order to Germany—is still uncertain. It seems more probable that the recent announcements as to the strategic importance of Belfort and the possible risks to the Rhine Provinces have been the most potent factors in their conversion. And, as has been pointed out in these columns, the adoption of the scheme will assuredly be another menace to the peace of Europe.

The attitude of Switzerland in the great European war which we are bidden to expect has been much discussed by amateur politicians and strategists in Italy. She has been urged to prepare to abandon her neutrality; otherwise France will fill the valley of Chamouni with troops, and pour them into Italy by the Tête Noire and Great St. Bernard—irrespective of the fact that the Swiss army can intercept them at Martigny, and that once in the Rhone valley they will be caught in a trap between the fortifications of St. Maurice and of the Furka. However, French Protectionism seems likely to effect what the political prophet could never have achieved. Every effort is being made by Austria and Italy as well as Germany to obtain the trade with Switzerland which France has thrown away by rejecting the Franco-Swiss Convention. Railway rates are being lowered; an Italian exhibition in Zurich is being promoted with the aid of the Italian Government; and—as we suggested a fortnight ago—there is a fresh project for carrying a railway across the Simplon. It is not, however, to go through the enormous tunnel, eleven and a half miles long, originally projected, but to go over the pass for most of the way, and to be an electric line on the rack and pinion system. When war comes we shall have the rival Powers alternately threatening and bribing Switzerland with the most powerful of all inducements to overlook their violation of the treaties which guarantee her neutrality and secure her frontiers from military menace.

Servia seems to be on the brink of civil war. At Semendria, at Cazac (Tschak-Tschak), and at Saitschar, conflicts have broken out between the "Liberal" representatives of the Central Government

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy Bryant & May's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages

and the Regents, and the "Radical," and more or less Russophile, municipal authorities. At Semendria, troops were called in and occupied the town hall, which contained a store of arms and was provisioned as if for a siege. Who began the conflict is a disputed point. The organs of the Government say that the Radicals were terrorising the Liberals and interfering with the freedom of election; the Radicals blame the Liberals and the Government. One cannot quite believe the reports coming from Belgrade or Vienna, which have an official colouring; but it is certain that there is every prospect of serious disturbance both in Servia, during the impending general election, and also in Montenegro, where the behaviour of Prince Nikita has long seemed likely to provoke revolution.

A CONSISTORY was held at Rome this week, at which fourteen cardinals, including our own two, Cardinals Vaughan and Logue, were created. Cardinal Vaughan everyone knows. Cardinal Logue, although he has been for years Catholic Primate of All Ireland, and thus the real head of the Irish hierarchy, is an ecclesiastic of so retiring a character that outside of Ireland his name has been but little heard of He has not taken a prominent part in politics, but he is, nevertheless, a staunch Home Ruler. These fourteen new cardinals, by the way, make fifty-four created by the present Pope out of a total of eighty-eight. If the venerable Leo lives many years longer (and all friends of democracy will wish he may) he may survive the remaining cardinals who owe their creation to Pius IX. He would then be in the very interesting position only once before occupied by one of his predecessors who lived to see an entire college of cardinals created by himself, and who had a medal struck to commemorate the event with the following witty inscription addressed to their eminences: "*Non vos me elegistis, sed ego elegi vos.*"

LITERATURE.

IN one of their very tasteful covers —a design of hyacinths and laurel by Mr. Ricketts—Messrs. Mathews & Lane have brought out a volume of prose essays by Mr. Addington Symonds. There is an interval of more than thirty years, Mr. Symonds tells us, between the earliest of these essays and the latest; and the collection, he says, he has tried to make representative of the kinds of work in which he has been principally engaged—Greek and Renaissance literature, description of places, translation, criticism, and original verse. Some of the essays are very charming, in Mr. Symonds's best style, but the first one, that which gives its name to the volume "In the Key of Blue" is at least the most curious of the lot. Mr. Symonds thinks literary style might be enriched and subtilised if freer use were made of the nomenclature of colour (an idea which has some affinity with the notions of the French Symbolists). To illustrate what he means Mr. Symonds has himself written a number of "symphonies" in verse, which go something like this:—

> "A symphony of blues and green
> Swart indigo, and eau-marine.
> The men wring cloth that drips and takes
> Verditer hues of water-snakes,
> While Pali paled by sun and seas
> Repent the tint in verdigris."

The experiment is amusing, but we hardly think it will lead to a reform of the English language.

WE are glad to learn that Messrs. Macmillan are about to bring out a uniform edition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's works, including his plays and essays as well as his poems. It is a rather odd symptom of the state of contemporary taste in contemporary poetry, that amongst all that has been written and urged concerning possible successors to the Laureateship no one has seriously pressed the claims of Aubrey de Vere, and yet take him all round there is none of his contemporaries of greater general fitness for the office.

M. ZOLA and M. Alphonse Daudet, with a few other authors, have been drawn by a French contemporary into filling up a "confession-book." Some of the answers are characteristic; for example: "The principal trait of your character?—Zola: I don't know. Daudet: Mobility. Your favourite occupation?—Zola: Work. Daudet: Reading. Your idea of happiness?—Zola: Doing nothing. Daudet: Health. Your favourite heroes and heroines (1) in fiction (2) in real life?—Daudet: (1) Hamlet, Bonaparte, Desdemona; (2) Nobody. Zola: (1) Those who are not heroes; (2) those who earn their bread. What do you hate the most?—Zola: Not to understand. Daudet: Sadness." We must say these French lions allow themselves to be drawn very amiably. English authors must now be trembling lest English editors take up this idea and go for them, too, with confession-books.

MR. CHARLES H. PEARSON, in his "National Life and Character" (just published by Macmillan), gives a gloomy picture of a fully populated and Socialised world. Unfortunately it is based on irrefragable facts. The lower races multiply faster than the higher, and democracy, even at the Antipodes, tends to State Socialism. The book deals dispassionately with the effects of these two facts on life, literature, and character. Next week we hope to say something about his inferences. For the present we can only strongly recommend the perusal of a singularly learned, philosophical, and suggestive work.

THE hundredth number of *Granta* appears to-day, a unique event in the history of the lighter periodical literature of our Universities. Mr. Lehmann deserves hearty congratulations upon his success in a field in which so many have failed.

THE paragraph-writers are always busy with the name of Sir Charles Dilke. A few months ago it was authoritatively declared that he was the mysterious purchaser of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Now he is said to have become the proprietor of THE SPEAKER. It is almost superfluous to say that both stories are absolutely untrue.

OBITUARY.

EX-PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES was one of the numerous class of American Presidents who are little known outside their own State and the world of professed politicians until brought to the front by the accidents of a Presidential Nominating Convention. In himself he was an upright, honourable man, a civilian soldier of the best American type, but not of the first rank in politics or statesmanship. History will mention him chiefly as the central name in a bitter political struggle which gave striking proof of the solidity of the Union. Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P. for Halifax, was a local benefactor and sound Liberal. Mr. Thomson Hankey was a notability in matters connected with banking, and had sat for Peterborough as a Liberal of rather a Whiggish type. Sir Thomas McClure had been Liberal Member for Belfast and Derry. Don Christino Martos had been an active Spanish Republican, but had rallied to the support of King Alfonso, and become a Cabinet Minister. Sir Peter Benson Maxwell had been Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, and had reorganised the judicial system of Egypt. Mr. Alexander Nicholson, LL.D., was a Gaelic scholar and ex-Royal Commissioner, with high literary gifts, and a leading figure in the Edinburgh of the past. Captain R. H. Nelson was one of Stanley's companions on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and the hero of "Starvation Camp." To Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble) we refer fully elsewhere.

THE COMING SESSION.

WHILST Ministers are engaged in completing their scheme of Home Rule, the attention of the public is naturally being drawn towards the other measures which there is reason to hope may be presented to Parliament during the coming Session. In little more than a week from the present moment the veil will be withdrawn from the actions of the Government, and we shall have in the Queen's Speech a complete list of the Bills which the Liberal Administration have been preparing during the autumn. It is known that Ministers were from the first resolved that they would not content themselves with mere promises to those who had placed them in power, but that, whatever might be the claims of the first subject with which they have to deal, they would let the electors of Great Britain see that even the demands of Ireland had not been allowed to interfere with those of other parts of the United Kingdom. We may accordingly expect that more than one Bill of first-class importance will be named in the Speech from the Throne. About some of the measures which have thus been in course of preparation there is no secret. Everybody knows that the question of Registration, which is, after all, that of most pressing importance, will be dealt with in a practical manner during the coming Session. That some reform of the present system must be carried before the next General Election is admitted by everybody; and though we are not among those who anticipate an early appeal to the country, we agree entirely with the prophets who declare that immediate preparation for such an appeal is a wise and prudent thing. But registration only affects, after all, the machinery of our political life. A comprehensive measure on the subject will do much to make our popular suffrage a reality, and will thus strengthen the authority of the Parliaments of the future; but it will not otherwise affect the welfare of the nation. Among the other measures of which men have talked during the recess, and which there is reason to hope that Ministers have in contemplation, there will, we hope, be found one dealing with the licensing question. Whether it will be a really complete measure of reform, or will merely give effect to that principle of popular control which has been so widely supported by the members of the Liberal party, we do not pretend to say. Its fate will depend greatly upon the attitude of the members of the United Kingdom Alliance. A stubborn and powerful enemy has to be encountered, and against him the forces of the Alliance, if they stand alone, will be powerless. But if the Prohibitionists assume such an attitude that they can win for themselves the support of temperance reformers of every shade of opinion, we may regard the battle as being already as good as won.

London, too, has its claims, as some of our contemporaries lose no opportunity of informing us. No greater mistake could be made than that of supposing that the Government are indifferent to the claims of London. The members of the County Council have already had experience of the changed spirit in which their actions are regarded at headquarters. Mr. Ritchie, although he was a Conservative of a very liberal type, viewed the proceedings of the London County Council from a very different standpoint from that which is taken by the present President of the Local Government Board. Nor must we forget that in Lord Rosebery the Council has a most influential friend at Court. The Progressist party in that body may depend upon the sympathy and co-operation of Ministers; and we shall be surprised if, amongst the measures announced in the Queen's Speech, there is not one at least which will give great satisfaction to all who are anxious that the cause of the London ratepayers and the London poor should not be forgotten by the Liberal Administration. But outside London there is one great question which may be said to dwarf all others save the paramount question of Ireland. How to sweeten life in rural England, how to give our villagers their rights as free men and Britons, how to remove the sense of helplessness and of hopeless social inequality which has so long laid a heavy burden upon the agricultural labourer—these are questions with which the present Ministry, alike by its pledges and by its character, is bound to deal. Some first foreshadowings of the manner in which the problem is to be attacked ought certainly to find a place in the Queen's Speech. Of the demands of Wales and Scotland for the establishment of complete religious equality it is hardly necessary to speak. The justice of those demands has been so freely conceded by the men now in power that it is impossible to believe that they will fail to take the earliest opportunity of giving effect to them. Nor must we forget that among the subjects on which the Liberal party has pledged itself to prompt and decisive action is that of the payment of Members of Parliament. We are not among those who regard this as a matter of the first importance; like the reform of the registration laws, it affects the machinery of political life rather than its results. But pledges have been given, and some attempt, we trust, will be made to carry them into effect.

We have said enough to show that, even if no Home Rule Bill were to take the field in the coming Session, Ministers would have enough, and more than enough, to occupy them and to exhaust the time of the House of Commons whilst Parliament is sitting. Not since the memorable spring of 1869, when the first House of Commons elected under Household Suffrage met at Westminster, have the demands of the public for great measures of reform been so numerous, so urgent, or so sweeping in their character, as they are at the present moment. It is almost too much to hope that this House should emulate that elected in the autumn of 1868 in the extent of its services to the country. But not even in the Ministry of 1868 was there a more resolute desire to accomplish everything that is possible, and to redeem, as far as human effort can redeem, pledges given in Opposition, than that which animates the men who are now in office. The practical question of the moment is in what manner the heavy tale of work which lies before Ministers and their supporters in the House of Commons can best be accomplished. A suggestion made by Mr. Labouchere on this subject is eminently deserving of consideration. To attempt to run a whole host of important measures simultaneously through Parliament would be to attempt the hopeless, and consequently to court defeat. But it is quite possible for Ministers, by a wise concentration of their efforts on particular Bills, to achieve an early and creditable success. If, for example, the Registration Bill, about which the whole Liberal Party is absolutely united, were to be brought in either immediately after the opening of the Session or immediately after the first reading of the Home Rule Bill, and were to be pushed to a second reading directly afterwards, there would be nothing to prevent its being carried through the House of Commons before the Easter recess. It would be a great thing for Ministers to be able to adjourn for Easter with a consciousness of having piloted one most important measure safely through the Representative

Assembly. After Easter, as we know, the Home Rule Bill must necessarily occupy the greater part of the time of the House. Even then it will not be impossible to carry on along with it one or more of the other Bills of importance that are likely to be introduced. The first requisite of success is, however, the exercise of due determination at the very outset of the session. Only by utilising the precious days which lie between the opening of Parliament and the Easter recess can the Government hope to achieve that success in legislation for England and Scotland upon which the heart of every member of the administration is set.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

TWO good things have resulted from the crisis of the week in Egypt. It has cleared the situation at Cairo, as with a wholesome thundershower, of that atmosphere of intrigue and speculation which was bound to set in with the advent of a new Khedive; and it has done precisely the same good turn for that class of political intelligence at home and abroad which is wont (or which pretends) to get befogged and excited about our foreign policy whenever a Liberal Government comes into power. The question, whether Riaz Pasha will work well with Lord Cromer, or whether it may be needful later on to insist on the return of Mustapha Fehmy, is a minor matter compared with this double opportunity of teaching the youthful Abbas his first necessary lesson, and of teaching it in such a manner as to leave no mistake either on his mind or on any other that a Liberal Government can be as prompt and vigorous upon the right occasion in asserting the position of England abroad as it can be temperate and wise. It is well that the chance has arisen for emphasising this fact. We have a class of publicists in this country whose tactics must be a source of constant wonder to the foreign Press, imbued, as that Press generally is, with a superstitious belief in the patriotism of all British parties as applied to foreign policy. Whenever a Tory Government goes out of power, these gentlemen seem to constitute themselves into a sort of Committee of Invitation to all possible enemies of their country to begin and make trouble for her. "The Liberals are in, now you can do as you please," is the burden on which they ring every manner of change, and which they lift up in chorus on every available pretext. The Morocco mission gave a rare excuse for such an outburst, and the occasion was loudly improved during the first hours of the Egyptian crisis. It would be little wonder if the Chauvinist intelligence abroad, which is something on a par with the Jingo intelligence at home, were now and then tempted to take this sort of thing seriously. The crisis at Cairo comes in opportunely—at a moment, too, when temptations to Chauvinism are rather numerous in more than one quarter of Europe—to rectify any possible misconceptions in this respect. Thus the prompt suppression of the young Khedive's revolt against his English advisers, and the re-definition and re-assertion of England's position in Egypt, may be counted as an event likely to produce a tranquillising effect in Europe all round.

Our position with regard to eventual evacuation remains of course precisely what it was before. We shall go out of the country when we think our work is done there, and we have no intention of staying in it a day longer. The attempt of Abbas to act at cross-purposes with Lord Cromer raised no new point and called for no course of action which was not provided for in black and white in despatches nine years old. Lord Cromer's warrant and his directions at the same time, are contained in the despatch which Lord Granville addressed to him in 1884. "In important questions where the administration and safety of Egypt are at stake," wrote the then Liberal Foreign Secretary, "it is indispensable that Her Majesty's Government should, so long as the provisional occupation of the country by English troops continue, be assured that the advice which . . . . they may feel it their duty to tender to the Khedive should be followed. It should be made clear to the Egyptian Ministers and governors of provinces that the responsibility which for the time rests on England obliges Her Majesty's Government to insist on the adoption of the policy which they recommend, and that it will be necessary that those Ministers and governors who do not follow this course should cease to hold their offices." These clear and precise terms, laid down by a Liberal Ministry as an essential condition of our occupation of the country, left no room for doubt or hesitation as to the manner in which the situation of the week was to be met. Lord Cromer had to put these instructions in force more than once before in dealing with the Ministers of Tewfik, and all this skilled administrator needed to enable him to reduce things, under Tewfik's son, to their normal condition was an unequivocal backing from home. This he got with impressive promptitude, not merely from a Foreign Secretary acting on his own responsibility, but from a full meeting of the Cabinet. A Liberal Government, we might point out—if any comparisons are allowable in such a matter—would be even less likely to hesitate in this particular affair than another. Whatever credit attaches to our work in Egypt belongs in the main to Liberal statesmen. It was a Liberal Government planned that work and devised the conditions under which it should be pursued, and it was men chosen by a Liberal Government—Lord Cromer amongst them, *primus inter pares*—who have carried out that work with such signal ability and patience.

We do not care to commit ourselves hastily to a positive view as to the meaning of the young Khedive's escapade. At the first blush it would seem unlikely that Abbas would, quite of his own initiative, have screwed himself up to what practically amounts to a revolt against his British advisers; and one is tempted to look for an influence coming from Constantinople, which in turn might be moved by influences more considerable still. But happily the natural explanation has on the whole most to say for itself. When one talks of France and Russia the question arises, What would these Powers have to gain by provoking a rupture of their present friendly relations with England? Such a rupture in truth is about the last thing that long-headed French or Russian statesmen now desire. The whole matter really looks more like the natural outburst of a very young ruler, a little heady from his first taste of power, ignorant as yet of the true bearings of his position, egged on by shallow flatterers, and excited by that atmosphere of intrigue and freshly awakened ambition which always besets a throne for a while when one king has died and a new one has taken his place. This is the view most prevalent in Vienna, where Abbas was educated and whence he has brought with him to Cairo a rather lively kind of tutor, who is set down for a good deal in this adventure. It is quite as good a view as any other. Let us accept it for the time being, and draw comfort from the reflection that now that Lord Cromer has had the opportunity of talking to him like a father Abbas II. is likely to behave a better boy in the future.

THE WORKING MAN AND HIS EXPLOITERS.

IF the Independent Labour Party, which held a conference at Bradford this week, does not succeed in setting the Thames on fire, it will not be for want of an ambitious programme. "Abolition of the Monarchy," "the *referendum*," "collective ownership of the land and of all means of production, distribution, and exchange," are only a few out of a baker's-dozen of items; a programme, indeed, which is not only impressive in the prosaic and severely practical atmosphere of Great Britain, but which would give a party a respectable start in the neighbourhood of the Tivoli-Vauxhall, or of that building in Berlin, whatever it be, where foregather those German Socialists, who deputed Herr Edward Bernstein to convey their blessing to the Bradford Conference. True, in the ample programme of the new party, there are some items of what might be called pedestrian politics—reform of the suffrage, payment of members and of election expenses, shorter Parliaments, reform of taxation, and so on. But as these are already included on the platform of that merely practical organisation, the Liberal Party, the new body does not glory in them with any great pride. Indeed, Mr. Keir Hardie expressly covers these matters with the blight of his disregard. "The aim of the labour movement," he said in his opening address, "was to direct the attention of the workers away from questions of reform of political machinery, no matter how important these might be, and to concentrate their whole energies on this one problem of how to restore to the working classes of the community the capital and the land without which they could not live or carry on their industrial occupations." Alderman Ben Tillett, who was present at the Conference, and who at least has the mind of a *bonâ-fide* working man, gave great offence by speaking, in rather rude Saxon, of "chattering magpies of the platform who went about talking nebulous opinions and traducing trades unionists, men who painted on their foreheads the word Socialism, not knowing one atom of what it meant." The promoters of the Independent Labour Party seemed to take Mr. Tillett's remarks as personal to themselves. We are not surprised. What does surprise us is that Mr. Tillett, after using such language (and even stronger), can throw himself so heartily into these little adventures.

The new Party is an interesting appearance of which the political observer will make a passing note: one of those numerous earthen pitchers which at times float down the stream of politics beside the brazen pots of great movements, serving their purpose of the moment, and meeting their fate. It is interesting to see the Fabian gentlemen coming out from the harmless necessary region of essays and drawing-room lectures and trying their hand at positive party-making, with an eye even upon elections. It is interesting to see Mr. Keir Hardie, for whom the Liberal Party is not big enough, bodying forth his conception of a Party that will be capable of coping with his views. We shall note the progress of the experiment not without curiosity. It may even be useful as a stultometer and weather-gauge of the labour movement, a camp of refuge in which we may take the measure of those guerilla forces who choose to fight for their own hand upon Labour's extreme flank. We could wish, however, for its own sake, and in the general interests of veracity, that its beginning was more straightforward. There is always a measure of respect commanded by mere honesty and frankness of professions which is forfeited when the attempt is made to sail under false colours. The new Party was within an ace of "painting the word Socialism across its forehead," and it would have been honester had it done so. Mr. Carson of Glasgow wanted it to do so. "Call a spade a spade," he said. But the Socialists—who on a test division suggested by Mr. Bernard Shaw proved to be as ninety-one to sixteen of the conference—deemed it a sharper stroke of policy to dissemble. There are working men, "large numbers" of them, whom the word "Socialism" might frighten off; and with a view to capturing these—"working men who were not yet prepared to adopt Socialism, but who would be very glad to join a party established for obtaining the independent representation of labour"—the red flag was not hoisted. The name was dropped, but the thing was made the keystone of the programme, and this device, it is to be presumed, is relied on to completely reassure the intelligence of the hesitant working man. The working man must feel flattered. He is expected to walk into the parlour of Mr. Shaw Maxwell and Mr. Bernard Shaw in the guileless belief that he is joining "a party for obtaining the independent representation of labour," and only when he gets in (if even then) is he to realise that he is in the camp of Socialism pure and unadulterated, where "the independent representation of labour" is avowed (as it was by Mr. Shaw Maxwell at Bradford) to be "not an object at all, but a means to an object," and where the Socialists are determined that, "though they have made a concession as to title," they will make no concession as to substance and fact.

This and all kindred efforts to induce the working man to separate himself from the Party of democracy at large and to perform in the "side-show" of one or the other clique of would-be exploiters is only the natural result of the growth of the Labour interest since the extension of the suffrage in 1885. All sorts of touts, quacks, and undertakers spring up around the path of the newly powerful; but as the enlightenment of the working man has kept pace with the growth of his responsibilities, he may be trusted to steer his way pretty safely among this noisy crowd. The British working man, as exemplified by the type of men whom he has deliberately put forward as his leaders and spokesmen during the past decade—the Fenwicks, the Pickards, the John Burnses, the Tom Manns, not to speak of the Burts and the Wilsons—has amply proved that there is no class in the community less liable than his to be misled into narrow, partial views, or more capable of regarding the problems of progress in a spirit of broad and comprehending sympathy. This, indeed, is the distinguishing characteristic of the emancipated working man of our time, and the best guarantee for democracy. He is the last man to be fascinated by crack-brained and ill-conditioned schemes which begin with a scoff at his own intelligence. We confess we are somewhat surprised at Mr. Ben Tillett. He is a Trade Unionist, and understands that the true weapon of the working-man is Trade Unionism, and that, in so far as he wants a special class organisation, he has it in this historic combination, the most powerful labour defender the world has ever seen. But Mr. Tillett's action does not represent that of the average working man, who perceives in the Liberal Party (with Trade Unionism under its shelter) not merely the great vehicle of social and political progress, but an inheritance into which he was born, and of which he, the man of the people, is bound, one of these days, to become absolute master. He has no intention of selling his birthright for any visionary mess of pottage.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S GOSPEL.

IT is seldom that the public life of any country is blessed by the presence among his contemporaries of a man of the ability and versatility of the Member for Northampton. Brilliant as a journalist, distinguished as a wit and a *raconteur*, and deservedly popular among his personal friends, as a politician Mr. Labouchere practically belongs in his own sex to the class which in the other presents us with the well-known type of *la femme incomprise*. It is his misfortune constantly to be misunderstood by the world at large. Who is to blame for this fact, however, save Mr. Labouchere himself? A few months ago, many of us, believing that he had sown his Parliamentary wild oats, and recognising not only the ability but the zeal and earnestness with which he had worked for the Liberal party during a prolonged period of depression, thought that the time had come when he ought to be taken into the Ministry. In these pages that opinion was openly expressed, and we felt real regret when we found that for some reasons which have not yet been revealed to the world the Member for Northampton was left outside the Government. But those of us who have read the report of an interview between Mr. Labouchere and the London correspondent of the *Temps* will find it difficult to believe that he would ever have been happy in the ranks of a Government. If the gospel he preached to the Parisian journalist was not meant as a joke, it is quite clear that Mr. Labouchere is one of those politicians who are doomed to walk by themselves alone. Nobody can doubt the cleverness or originality of his declaration of faith as it was set forth in the *Times* on Tuesday morning; but if it was not a jest, it was the declaration not of a responsible statesman but of an irresponsible and irrepressible free-lance.

The worst of the matter is that so many people abroad take Mr. Labouchere seriously. Even in France they have no politician of his type; they lost the type apparently when Mr. Labouchere's ancestors left the country. When, therefore, a prominent Radical Member of Parliament coolly advises them to take Morocco, and promises them the support of the Radical party in Great Britain if they do so, they are naturally filled with amazement. Of course, his object is a patriotic one. It is to give the French a lever by means of which they may put an end to the British occupation of Egypt. Mr. Labouchere, it is clear, does not see that if there were a way by which our occupation of the Nile Delta would become permanent more certainly than by any other it is that which he proposes. Nor does he appear to realise that if anything can make a politician of any party reject good advice it is the fact that this advice is backed up by a cynical disregard for national prejudices and prepossessions. The opponents of Jingoism have often made mistakes in the past by going to the opposite extreme and treating patriotism itself as a crime. Mr. Labouchere will find that he cannot get even a single Radical to follow him in his line with regard to France and Morocco.

On Home politics he speaks with an authority which is based upon long and intimate acquaintance with Parliamentary life; but even here he destroys the effect of his own declarations by his exaggerated cynicism. As a joke, it is all very well to say that there are only three Home Rulers in the world—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, and himself. But as a statement of fact it is, of course, believed by nobody. The Member for Northampton denies that he made this precise statement; and what he did say on the subject was doubtless only in jest. His policy for sapping the strength of the House of Lords was probably the only serious feature of his declaration. Whatever doubt may exist as to his sincerity on other questions—a doubt due entirely to his own words and acts—we imagine there is none as to his hatred of the House of Lords. Rumour, indeed, credits him with having prepared a Bill for the purpose of "relieving" the Peers from their disabilities by enabling them to stand as candidates for the House of Commons, if they choose as a preliminary step to renounce their titles not only for themselves but for their descendants. This affords a fair specimen of Mr. Labouchere's method when he is really in earnest. Instead of setting soberly to work to devise some practical method of attaining his end, he hatches a "wild cat" project like this for "relieving" the Peers, and seems quite amazed when he finds that he has hindered rather than helped the cause he has at heart.

We must, of course, take Mr. Labouchere as he is. We recognise his cleverness, his wonderful command of the arts of the wire-puller, his profound knowledge of human weakness, and generally of the seamy side of human nature. We must admit, too, that he can make most excellent speeches, and that his cynicism is flavoured by an admirable wit. But we have still to look to him alone for an explanation of the fact that his Parliamentary career has been comparatively barren of real achievement, and that, with all his varied triumphs in lobby and smoking-room, all his adroitness in securing little victories in divisions or in inflicting small defeats in Committee, he has never yet accomplished anything really great. We could wish that it were otherwise; but when we read the record of his conversation with the *Temps* reporter we understand fully why it is not.

FINANCE.

THE great operators on the Stock Exchange at home and abroad have recovered somewhat from the fright into which they were thrown by the French crisis; and the firmness shown by Lord Rosebery in the Egyptian incident has impressed the City. Again, the German and Austrian Rothschilds, with the various establishments they control, have entered into a contract with the Austro-Hungarian Government for bringing out a 4 per cent. gold loan of about five millions sterling. The German and Prussian Governments are likewise intending to borrow, and, to prepare the way for that, German bankers are making every effort. In the United States it is said that the incoming and outgoing Presidents have arrived at an understanding to hurry through the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act. Even if they do not succeed in the present session, it is believed that the measure will be carried in the spring, and then it is hoped that the fear of a crisis will pass away. In Argentina there is undoubted economic improvement, and in India trade is much better. Over and above all this, it is believed that during the past month or so there has been very great speculative selling both in London and upon the Continent, and clever operators calculate that by a bold move they may force the sellers to buy back, and so raise prices considerably. Owing to all this, there have been higher quotations this week, but it is not likely that the improvement will last. There are too many unfavourable influences, not to speak of future dangers. No prudent man will engage in fresh risks while the silver crisis is hanging over us. In France, too, the situation is still far from clear. In Spain a crisis seems inevitable. In Italy there is banking discredit and banking scandals. In Greece there is financial embarrassment. And in Russia nobody knows what may happen from day to day; while the increasing military armaments are spreading a vague fear of approaching war. Trade at home

continues depressed. There is yet no prospect of an immediate settlement of the cotton lock-out, but happily the negotiations for arranging the sliding-scale dispute in South Wales appear to be proceeding favourably. The dividends announced by the London banks prove unquestionably how bad business was during the second half of last year, and the chairmen at the meetings taking place day after day hold out no hope of an early improvement. On the other hand, the railway dividends yet declared are, upon the whole, better than had been expected.

There is little change to note in the silver market. Owing to the activity in the Indian export trade there is a very good demand for the metal for India. Dealers are encouraged by the belief that the repeal of the American Silver Purchase Act cannot be carried in the present Congress. Everything seems to point to the probability that the Bill enabling the Bank of France to increase its note issues by twenty millions sterling will be passed. If it is, gold will again be accumulated by the Bank of France. In that case it will probably be withdrawn from New York in very large amounts. Austria-Hungary is about to buy five millions sterling, and Russia and Germany are always accumulating. For the moment, however, the market is quieter. The Money Market is also easier. At the beginning of every year coin and notes flow back from the interior to the great banking centres in almost every country, and consequently the supply of loanable capital increases, lowering the rates of interest and discount. This process has already begun, and the Imperial Bank of Germany has led the way by reducing its rate of discount from 4 to 3 per cent. But the Directors of the Bank of England are quite right not to take quite so sanguine a view of the situation as the outside market does.

THE HOME RULE BUDGET.

MR. HEALY'S speech at Newcastle has called attention to the importance of the financial clauses in the coming Home Rule Bill, and it may be useful to state shortly the more important facts connected with the problem. The Bill of 1886 was produced with such rapidity that perfection in every detail was hardly to be expected, and the financial proposals of the Bill have been severely criticised on every side. Irish Conservatives join with Parnellites and Nationalists in saying that the burden would have been too heavy to bear, and it is universally expected in Ireland that the scheme will be remodelled. During the past seven years Mr. Sexton has lost no opportunity of showing how unfair are the present financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain, and, though he did not succeed in obtaining that thorough inquiry which he demanded, he induced the Treasury to prepare and publish (Parliamentary paper 329 of 1891) some very valuable memoranda. Still, the information open to a private member of the House of Commons remains much more restricted than could be wished, and it would be presumptuous for me to do more than point out a few considerations which must be borne in mind when Mr. Gladstone's new scheme is produced.

The Bill of 1886 proposed that the Irish Parliament should have direct control over the Irish income-tax and stamp duties, and should receive from the Imperial Exchequer the gross sum collected in Ireland by the Customs and Excise, and by the Post Office and other non-tax departments. Out of this sum the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer would have had to pay a fixed Imperial contribution amounting to £3,242,000, being one-fifteenth of the cost of the Army, Navy, and Debt, £360,000 as a sinking fund for the Irish share of the Debt, a fixed charge of £1,000,000 for the Constabulary, as well as all the other expenses of the Irish Government. The following figures were given by Mr. Gladstone as his estimate for the first Irish Budget:—

Revenue.		Expenditure.	
Customs	£1,880,000	Contribution to Exchequer	£3,242,000
Excise	4,300,000	Sinking Fund ...	360,000
Stamps	600,000	Constabulary ...	1,000,000
Income-tax ...	550,000	Local civil charges	2,510,000
Non-tax revenue ...	1,020,000	Collection of revenue, including Post Office ...	834,000
		Surplus	404,000
	£8,350,000		£8,350,000

The Irish Parliament would have had control of less than one-seventh of its revenue and about one-third of its expenditure. It would have had no power to increase indirect taxation, and if—owing to any outside circumstances—the product of the indirect taxes decreased by 16 per cent., the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been compelled either to double the direct taxation or to reduce by forty per cent. the expenditure under his control. For reasons which I shall afterwards point out, neither course would have been really practicable, and Ireland would have been involved in chronic deficits if there had been any considerable decrease in the revenue from Customs and Excise. Mr. Gladstone, in giving the gross sum collected in Ireland to the Irish Exchequer, intended to confer (and in one sense did confer) a very considerable boon upon Ireland. For he calculated that the gross sum paid in Ireland exceeded the sum paid on dutiable commodities consumed in Ireland by about £1,400,000. The later Treasury figures make the excess for 1889–90 somewhat smaller on a larger total, and even those figures have been disputed; but it is beyond question that there is some excess. This excess is not what would have been expected according to the ordinary rules of trade. It might be expected that the Customs duties would be collected at the ports of the greater country, and the goods sent thence duty-paid to the smaller country. As a matter of fact this is what happens in the case of most articles, and, with the present tendency to concentrate shipping, is likely to happen to an increased extent for the future. In the year 1889–90 the revenue actually collected in Ireland was less than the amount of duty paid on goods consumed in Ireland in respect of every article except spirits and beer and tobacco. In the case of foreign spirits, though the balance was in Ireland's favour in 1889–90, fuller inquiry in 1890–91 showed that the figures were about even. The considerable balance in Ireland's favour on the totals of all articles is found to be due almost entirely to the trade in home spirits. The duty on home spirits paid in Ireland amounted in 1889–90 to £3,742,959; the duty paid on spirits consumed in Ireland amounted to £2,356,200. The difference represents the duty on Irish whiskey exported to Great Britain, duty-paid under permits. From private inquiry I have learnt that the export of whiskey duty-paid is not a general custom in the trade, but is mainly practised in Belfast.* The pot-still whiskeys of Dublin, which take a long time to mature, are, for obvious reasons, usually exported in bond. The patent-still whiskey of Belfast, which is consumed for the most part within a few months of its manufacture, is, for convenience of account, exported duty paid. If the Belfast rectifying distillers, owing to any change in the system of business, took to exporting their whiskey in bond, the Irish revenue would fall at once by about £1,000,000 a year. Without any change in the volume of trade or in the tastes of the people, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer might find himself face to face with an enormous deficit. Probably the allocation to Ireland of the Irish gross receipts is the only mode which can conveniently be followed (though there is a good deal to be said for an expansion of Mr. Goschen's plan of proportionate grants), but the

* Mr. Stead's statement in the *Review of Reviews* that under the arrangement in the Bill of 1886 "every glass of Irish whiskey drunk in England would pay duty to the Irish excisemen" is of course a picturesque exaggeration. Most of the duty paid on Irish whiskey consumed in England is paid in England.

very uncertain nature of a large part of the Irish revenue is one good reason for not burdening Ireland with fixed charges so large as those proposed in 1886.

It may be asked whether Ireland could not increase her direct taxation. This I greatly doubt. The greater part of the Irish income-tax is levied under schedule A, and must therefore decline as the operation of the Land Purchase Acts continues. It would be almost impossible to devise any new taxes (except, perhaps, a tax on absentee landowners) which would not greatly hamper industry. Ireland is already taxed to the limit of her capacity. But the burden is much heavier, relatively to our wealth, than the burden upon England. We pay one-twelfth of the total revenue, though our proportion of taxable income is, according to Mr. Giffen, one fifty-third. Mr. Gladstone in 1880, taking the gross figures of revenue collected, said that they showed a payment of £2 10s. per head in Great Britain and £1 13s. 7d. per head in Ireland. "That," he said, "is obviously and inequitably high for Ireland," but he went on to say that, according to the figures supplied to him, the actual Irish payment was only £1 7s. 10d. per head. Mr. Goschen's return has shown that the actual Irish payment (not gross, but net) was for 1889–90 £1 12s. 5d., for 1890–91 £1 14s., and for 1891–92 £1 13s. 6d. per head. The national taxation in Russia is 17s. per head, in Sweden £1 2s., in Norway £1 7s., and in Denmark £1 6s. How can Ireland pay more? I believe she has already under the Union paid into the Imperial Exchequer £150,000,000 more than her fair proportion of the common burden.

But cannot the Irish expenditure be reduced? In some directions, certainly. The expenses of police and administration of the law in Ireland are absurdly extravagant. The law has been so hateful that it has been necessary to pay highly to get men to carry it out. A saving of perhaps £700,000 a year could, in the course of time, be effected in these departments; but the Irish Government will be compelled to regard vested interests, and annuitants are proverbially long-lived. It will take twenty years to make any appreciable reduction, and in the meantime the claims of other departments will grow. The cost of education has already, by the Act of last year, been increased by nearly £250,000, and that vote at least must not be stinted under Home Rule. Much money must also be spent in guiding and encouraging industry, especially agricultural industry, if we are to compete with the small farmers of France and Denmark, with their efficient Agricultural Departments.

When Mr. Gladstone drew up his suggested Budget in 1886 he calculated the total expense of the Irish services, excluding the Constabulary, at £3,344,000. This sum has since been considerably exceeded. Allowing £100,000 for the Dublin Metropolitan Police, which would before then have been taken over by the Irish authorities, I calculate the charge for 1889–90 at £3,634,228, for 1890–91 at £4,145,399, for 1891–92 at £4,628,000. The last two sums included a total of £811,000 for relief works; but quite apart from such extraordinary expenditure, the ordinary Irish expenditure, if we add the extra charges added last session, has increased since 1886 by about £900,000. A large part of this additional expenditure is of a kind which cannot, without breach of faith, be rapidly reduced.

It is therefore tolerably clear that if the Irish Parliament had taken over the concern on the terms of the Bill of 1886, it would not have been, in Mr. Healy's words, "a going concern." We should have received a large, but very precarious, revenue which it would have been almost impossible for the Irish Parliament to increase, while we should have been burdened with charges, fixed or practically irreducible, almost, if not quite, enough to eat up the whole revenue. Any investor who lent money to Ireland under those circumstances would have been lending on a security not much better than the equity of redemption to house property mortgaged up to the hilt.

I have looked at the matter mainly from a Budget point of view, in order to show that no Imperial object can be served by setting up a new State with liabilities so perilously near the total of its assets. Mr. Clancy, M.P., in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, gives some additional historical and economic reasons why liabilities so enormous should not be imposed upon us. Many Irish writers and speakers have shown how the financial clauses of the Act of Union, unjust in themselves, were misapplied. Others have shown how, especially during the last forty years, the taxation borne by Ireland has immensely exceeded our fair proportion. "Do not unite with us," said Dr. Johnson; "we will unite with you only to rob you." We united, and we have been robbed. Without asking the English people to make restitution, we may ask them to take these facts into account in judging of the coming scheme for financial settlement.

E. F. V. Knox.

THE MODERN PRESS.

III.—The "Cornhill Magazine."

To us of the older generation there is a charm about the very name of the *Cornhill* that no other current publication can lay claim to. It carries us back to the year 1860, to our youth, our dreams, and our enthusiasm, and it brings before us the figure of the god of the young literary aspirant's idolatry, the commanding figure of the author of "Vanity Fair." Never was a new venture in the Press heralded more vigorously or awaited more anxiously than the new magazine which Thackeray was to edit, and to which all the talents were to contribute. The newspapers were full of stories about the arrangements between the publisher and the editor, or the editor and his writers. Thackeray himself had to intervene and explain that all these stories were not —as indeed they could not be—true. But whether it was agreeable or the reverse to the somewhat sensitive great man, the *réclame* gave the magazine an unparalleled "send-off," and the current rumour at the time was that more than a hundred thousand copies of the first number had been sold. Such a sale was in those days unparalleled, and perhaps for anything worthy of being ranked as literature it is unparalleled still. For undoubtedly the first number of the *Cornhill* had high claims to be regarded as a genuine contribution to the literature of the time. Three-and-thirty years have passed since that first number appeared in the brilliant yellow cover which has since become so familiar. It is a long time, and the present writer, to the best of his belief, has never turned the pages of that particular number since the month in which it was published. But he has even now some recollection of its contents. Did it not contain an article from the pen of "the man who pointed the guns at the greatest siege in the history of the world," as the editor proudly wrote, Sir John Burgoyne to wit? Was there not something scientific from George Henry Lewes, something about Arctic exploration from Captain Allen Young, some poetry from Father Prout, and, above all, was there not fiction from the pens of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope? Thackeray gave us the first instalment of "Lovell the Widower," in addition to the first of the delightful "Roundabout Papers"—not then called by that name, if we remember aright. Trollope's contribution was the commencement of "Framley Parsonage." Truly the reader who had a shilling to invest got his money's worth from the eminent firm of Smith, Elder & Co. when he invested it in the purchase of the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Three-and-thirty years have passed, and the barque of the *Cornhill* still bravely floats upon the great sea, a time-honoured vessel now, with traditions of its own, and associations that are dear to not a few of us. It has had its vicissitudes; has had to

tack and change its course; has altered its rig; has, perchance, parted with some of its top-hamper in those heavy seas which at times all good ships are called upon to face; but there it is still afloat, and still carrying the honourable flag which Thackeray hoisted on the mast ere yet the sixties had begun. Its history, if one could tell it in detail, would certainly be worth listening to. Under the Thackeray *régime* it had the unique Thackeray flavour, the secret of which is now lost to us for ever. But one day there appeared the famous essay on "Thorns in the Cushion," and soon afterwards the sensitive, irritable, kindly-hearted giant allowed himself to be beaten by those same thorns, and retired from his editorship disgusted at the trials of an editor's life. Too soon after that the *Cornhill* had to appear, alas! in mourning garb, with an unfinished story from the master's pen running through its pages, and tributes to the master's life and genius from the hands of Dickens, Trollope, and Lord Houghton, occupying that place of honour which had from the first been his by right in the magazine he had founded.

It is, however, with the *Cornhill* of to-day, and not of thirty years ago, that we have to deal. When Mr. Leslie Stephen, who was one of the successors of his illustrious father-in-law in the editorship of the magazine, retired from that position some years since, his place was taken by Mr. James Payn. Everybody knows Mr. Payn by name. Everybody has read at least one of the many works of fiction which it has been the business of his life to produce. We are not discussing Mr. Payn the novelist here, or we might dwell at length upon his characteristics as a writer of fiction, and upon the remarkable merits of such masterpieces as "Lost Sir Massingberd" and "By Proxy." It is with Mr. Payn the editor that we have now to deal. The present writer's memory of Mr. Payn in that capacity goes a long way back. It was in the autumn of 1867 that an unsophisticated youth who had contributed a few articles to *Chambers's Journal* took courage to himself, and ventured to apply for an interview with no less a personage than the editor of that publication. To his surprise the editor wrote a cordial acquiescence in the presumptuous demand, and fixed a time for the interview. It took place in a dingy little room over the shop of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers in Paternoster Row. The young man had never before been in the presence of a real London editor, but the fear and awe with which he entered the apartment were speedily dispelled by a greeting frank and friendly and absolutely free from the least suspicion of patronage. He can still recall Mr. Payn—for he, of course, was the editor of *Chambers's* in those days—as, stretching out his legs and assuming an easy attitude, he said, "You ought to take up a special line of your own and stick to it. I've taken up novel-writing as my line." The advice, we need hardly say, was admirable; but it was the tone in which the latter part of the sentence was uttered that made the chief impression on the novice. Mr. Payn spoke as though he were conveying a piece of news to his visitor, not at all in the strain in which most editors who have themselves done something are wont to refer to their achievements. We have obtruded this little bit of personal reminiscence into our sketch because the whole thing was eminently characteristic of the present editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. There are many kind men in the world, and there are even, we believe, a few kind-hearted editors; but neither among men nor among editors will anybody be found who in kindness of heart can surpass Mr. Payn. A quarter of a century has passed since that interview in Paternoster Row. Mr. Payn himself must have forgotten all about it; but from that day to this a continuous procession of literary aspirants, mostly young and all obscure, has been passing through the room in which James Payn exercises his editorial functions, and we venture to say that not one in that great army of would-be writers failed to meet with a friendly reception, or to receive kindly sympathy and good advice. This may seem to be a small thing in the character of a literary man. It does not secure for him fame or fortune; we fear, indeed, that it does not even win for him the gratitude of most of those whom he has helped. But, after all, apart from that consciousness of having so well observed the golden rule which must always be his highest reward, the editor who for so long a space of time has been, as it were, the friendly janitor at the open gate of literature, to whose good offices a thousand writers of varying degrees owe their entrance into the splendid arena, has played no small or unimportant part in the journalism of his time, and can afford to smile at the pretensions of the pushing and self-advertising rivals around him.

As editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. Payn has continued to play a noble part as a friend and counsellor of young authors. How much of his time and energy has been devoted to them they themselves can never even have guessed. It is certain, however, that if the value of what he has thus given away from a life of hard work could be estimated in money, James Payn would stand acknowledged as one of the most munificent benefactors of the profession of letters that ever lived. It boots not to record the names of those whom he has assisted. Their name is legion. Many of them are now sunning themselves on the heights of fame and prosperity. Perhaps they have travelled too far, since they first sought the friendly editor who guided their feet in the earliest days of their pilgrimage, to remember his services. It may be that those who are most grateful to him are the less fortunate ones, who still live and toil in the cold dark vale of obscurity. But forgotten or remembered, the work which he has thus done ought alone to make him secure of a lasting place in the great temple of English letters. To tell the story of the *Cornhill Magazine* would be to tell the story of the rise and progress of one after another of the most popular writers of the day. There is no man living who has a keener scent for real ability in others than Mr. Payn; and, as there is also no man in his position more completely free from that besetting sin of most professions, jealousy, to recognise talent, in his case, has been to do everything which in him lay to secure its recognition by others.

No more delightful papers have appeared in the *Cornhill* since Thackeray laid down his pen than those in which Mr. Payn related some of his own recollections. From these the world learned that the man so universally known as an entertaining novelist and delightful critic began his career in letters as a poet, and was the friend of persons so far removed from the world of to-day as Miss Mitford and Harriet Martineau. The friend also of Dickens and Thackeray, of Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope, Mr. Payn may be said to be a survivor and representative of the palmy days of fiction in the Victorian era. Nor, whatever may be the critical estimate which men may form of any particular work of his, will it be denied that everything he has done—sketch, essay, story, poem—has been well done, and is worthy both of the man who produced it and of the era in which he began his prolific life of authorship. But it is of the editor, not the author—the man, not the novelist—that we have to speak here. His unfailing kindness and his brilliant literary acumen may be regarded as the chief characteristics of the editor. So far as the man is concerned, we have to add to these characteristics the possession of a sense of humour that is at once rare and precious. There have been many discussions in the press of late as to the claims of the best talkers in London society. Mr. Payn is not a society man in the vulgar sense of the word; his own health, and the claims of his unremitting labours, long since compelled him to forego the dubious pleasures of dinner-parties and At-Homes. But to the few who are privileged to know him well and to meet him often, there has never been any question as to the identity of the most

amusing and entertaining talker now living. Beyond all question Mr. Payn is that enviable man.

TOYNBEE HALL.

TAKING it all round, the eighth annual report of Toynbee Hall may be read with satisfaction by those who have lent their support to the Universities' Settlement movement. Toynbee Hall has outgrown some fears and some hopes, and is doing a work which, if less ambitious than some expected, is of real utility and has the promise of permanence. Its influence is extending in a quiet and wholesome fashion, and it has courageously avoided that neutrality in public affairs which robs so many social institutions of half their legitimate importance. It took an active and wise part in the great Dock Strike; two of its residents are members of the London School Board; another resident and four associates are members of the London County Council. It speaks with knowledge upon the questions of London distress, of the disbursement of charity, the administration of the Poor Law, the spread of education, the improvement of sanitation. Around the Hall is a cluster of students' residences, and within it are the means of systematic study on continuous lines. Holidays also are a subject of its concern, and the Toynbee Travellers' Club has provided poor men with the opportunity of visiting the chief cities of Europe at ridiculously small expense. All this, and much more that might be added, is ample justification for the experiment started from Oxford eight years ago.

Yet such as it is, the work has probably proceeded on rather different lines from those which the pioneers of the movement marked out for themselves at the beginning. The idea that the Toynbee resident would be brought into daily personal contact with the East London labourer, and that the lives of the two would fuse into a new kind of social harmony, has hardly been accomplished. There was something unreal about it, and the nature of things has worked against it. The university man is of all types, and the success of the movement has lain in allowing each to go his own way, within reasonable limits. One who has the rare and magical gift of democracy in his character will find intercourse with the dock-side labourer to be easy and natural; another, with the best intentions, will always be pedantic in that relation. The difficulty is to get each type to recognise its limitations; for it is a perplexing fact that the men who are most conscious of their mission are generally least conscious of their incapacities. The "young man with a mission" is, in fact, the chief danger to an institution like Toynbee Hall; for the first essential of success is to establish a perfectly simple and natural way of thinking about the act of living in Whitechapel. The man who considers himself to be doing anything heroic or out of the common, who is conscious of his philanthropic intentions in foregoing the privileges of West-End life, has no place here, and had better be rigidly excluded together with the whole race of chatterboxes who talk at large about "raising the masses." An institution which is so much spoken about and written about as Toynbee Hall must occasionally fall an unwilling victim to admirers of this class, but they are not of its household; and the Toynbee men who have succeeded best are those who have learnt to live as simply and naturally in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, as in Hampstead or Bayswater. It is not true that Toynbee Hall has failed to touch the labouring class, for men such as these have influenced labour movements in the East-End, and have helped to mould opinion upon labour matters to an extent which is not at all known to outsiders. But they have done this without any deliberate effort to exercise influence, by mixing freely with their East-End neighbours, and leading, if they do lead, by sheer force of character.

There is no denying, however, that this kind of life requires rather exceptional qualifications. That he should be neither artificial nor cynical about it is rather a hard demand to make upon the average young graduate from Oxford or Cambridge. He has something to unlearn as well as a good deal to learn in coming to Whitechapel. Professor Henry Smith once said very wittily that the undergraduate's conception of a working-man was a hasty generalisation from his scout. This is an epigram to be taken for what it is worth, but there is still some truth at the bottom of the common prejudice against the academic young man. And, apart from all that it may do or fail to do for East London, Toynbee Hall is an educational institution of no mean value for this class; some might even say that this was its chief function. For one thing, to be brought immediately into personal relations with a man so wise, so experienced, so fruitful in ideas as the present Warden is a privilege of a very high order. And then, the mere fact of living in the centre of a great working population is in itself the best corrective to the Oxford and Cambridge view of life; for the chief thing that a young university man of the scholarly kind has generally to learn is that there are innumerable forms of brain-power quite as worthy of respect as that which goes out into books or examination papers. Until he has come to regard his own accomplishments in *literæ humaniores* or higher mathematics as merely different from, rather than superior to, those of his business or working-class neighbours, he will remain academic. This kind of teaching he may get as quickly and painlessly as possible from a course of Toynbee Hall, while at the same time he rids himself of that other chief infirmity of the university mind, which is to live in contemplation of past successes in the "schools" rather than of future work in life. Toynbee Hall has been in existence some eight years only; yet there are, we believe, scores of young Oxford and Cambridge men who would gladly own that their knowledge of men, of practical affairs, of administration and government, dated from their residence in or association with the Universities' Settlement. These have carried the influence of the place into many professions and walks of life; and, for the sake of many others like them yet to come, we can only wish that Toynbee Hall may go on and prosper, whatever its positive advantage may be to the East-End of London.

FANNY KEMBLE.

ALMOST the last distinguished representative of a great theatrical dynasty has passed away, leaving very chequered memories. The history of Fanny Kemble is indeed the struggle of a woman with some force of character to escape from the traditions which made the renown of her family. There was a time when she seemed likely to pursue the vocation of which her father and mother were conspicuous ornaments, and in which her uncle and aunt achieved an imperishable distinction; for, whatever may be said of the fleeting quality of a player's work, the names of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and the peculiar characteristics of their genius, must remain historic monuments of a fascinating art. When Fanny Kemble was a mere girl she saved the tottering fortunes of her father's management. "Kemble has talked to me about his sister," wrote a young man at college who afterwards won distinction in society and letters. "If the season goes on as it has begun, the whole debt of the theatre will be cleared off before the end. Is not this a fine thing for a girl of sixteen to do?" Her Juliet was the rage of a season, less probably for histrionic merit than for the charm of her extreme youth and the irresistible appeal which is always made to the susceptibilities of the public by the bearer of a

distinguished name. To be young, pretty, and a Kemble was in those days to have a sure passport to the popular enthusiasm. But the actress who could save the fortunes of a theatre at sixteen by this happy concourse of qualities was a very different personage when she appeared on the London stage again after an absence of many years and to another generation. She had married in America a Southern slave-owner, who discovered that he had an Abolitionist wife. This was doubtless the beginning of their estrangement, and, in any event, Fanny Kemble would have made the South too hot to hold her. An Englishwoman with an outspoken hostility to the great social institution of her adopted land was not likely to captivate the aristocracy of the plantations. Years later Fanny Kemble lived in America through many changes, social and political, but she never loved the people, and in her voluminous writings she displayed an ostentatious indifference to their interests and repugnance to their methods. It was a small merit in her eyes that they abolished slavery, and though she had a keen sense of humour and no little shrewdness, she could appreciate neither of those qualities in the American character.

But it was the coolness of the London playgoers, when she returned to the scene of her girlish triumphs, which gave to a naturally arbitrary will a peculiar bias against the player's calling. She became a Shakespearian reader, and, when an actress who has failed turns to readings, she is apt to fall into a slough of despond and bitterness. It is another and a colder world. Gone is the enchantment of the footlights, and the decorous applause of halls and institutes strikes chill on the ear which has heard the intoxicating thunder of the theatre. From that moment Fanny Kemble was a soured woman. True, she had the admiring sympathy of eminent persons. Poets lavished indiscriminate eulogy on her reading, and one of them celebrated in verse the emotions with which he believed that Shakespeare himself would listen to her voice could he be summoned from the shades to hear it. Fanny Kemble wrote poetry, too, and it was commended with similar extravagance. But sharper than the serpent's tooth, sharper than the ingratitude of children, is the pang of the histrionic temperament which is starved of its due. The reader who looked out with hungry eyes—the Kemble eyes and the front of classic tragedy—upon rows of worthy citizens to whom a reading was so much more respectable than a performance in a play-house, must have thought often of that night when Juliet, half swooning in her mother's arms, first heard the tumultuous welcome of a London pit. It is sometimes hard for the retired actress to revisit the scenes of a vanished fascination, and from the recesses of a box to listen to the plaudits which rise full-throated to the star of a successor; but this is the mere ghost of a jealousy, and Fanny Kemble's resentment must have been her constant and almost palpable companion. She wrote down the players with unrestrained rancour. Even the most illustrious member of her family was not spared, for she figured Mrs. Siddons as a mere theatrical mask, with an intelligence totally incapable of grasping the soul of the poet whose verses she had declaimed with a majesty that struck awe into her contemporaries. Living performers Fanny Kemble held in high disdain. Echoes of a great Hamlet reached her in America, but moved her not a jot. Of a very successful Shylock she once said that if Shakespeare could see the actor he would re-write the part. On the profession of acting she exhausted a copious vocabulary of downright abuse. A business, she said, which created "incessant excitement and factitious emotion was unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition is unworthy of a woman." Apparently she had not thought it unwomanly to exhibit herself as a public reader, but this coincidence could not trouble a mind embittered and unbalanced by a cherished disappointment.

The picture is not agreeable, for, whatever may be thought of the dignity of acting as an art, this violent antipathy comes with an ill grace from one who owed to the stage fame and the world's rewards. Besides, if the emotions of the actor be factitious, so are those of the writer whose creations are embodied in dramatic action. Dickens lived the joys and sorrows of his characters, and Charlotte Brontë was in a fever of excitement till she had hurried Jane Eyre away from Thornfield after the revelation of the skeleton in Rochester's life. This was just as factitious as the actor's absorption in Hamlet's struggle between fate and indecision. There is a distinction, it is true, between the privacy of the writer's personality at work and the publicity of the player's; but it is an overstrained prejudice which sees unworthiness in the mere fact of personal exhibition. It is more dignified to interpret great ideas on the stage than to expound quack nostrums on the platform or bigotry in a pulpit. But none of these considerations tempered the animus of Fanny Kemble against a profession which was adorned alike by the genius and by the character of her most famous kindred. Destiny, however, will treat her with kindly irony, for when her books are forgotten she will live to posterity in the reflected celebrity of the name to which she clung tenaciously even after her marriage.

THE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTER AND HIS PREY.

THERE is an amusing article, which will be read with mingled feelings by some celebrities, in this month's *Cosmopolitan*, a New York magazine. It is the frank confession of an autograph-hunter: a record of the "dark and devious ways," as he admits them to be himself, by which this sort of sportsman brings down his peculiar game. The confession has a double interest for the detached philosopher, who is neither an autographer nor an autographee (if we may put it thus). It brings out into the open, so to speak, the autograph-hunter himself, and enables us to study that type to greater advantage than has been possible hitherto, and it gives us a glimpse of the weaknesses of men of fame under quite a new aspect. These are both worthy objects of contemplation to all of us with whom the Terentian motto is a rule of life. Now the true autograph-hunter, we have long suspected, is a boy—own brother to the stamp-collector; often, indeed, the stamp-collector himself at a slightly later stage of his growth. There may be exceptions to this rule, there may be old gentlemen and young ladies amongst autograph-hunters; but the true, the blushful Hippocrene is a boy, a soaring human boy, at about that period of his development when he begins to cherish premature intentions of sacrificing his first crop of thistledown to Apollo. All others are but imitators, and interlopers on his preserves. On this point Mr. Charles Robinson (that is the name of the confessor in the *Cosmopolitan*) confirms our preconceived ideas. He was a boy when the bent of his genius led him to this destiny, and fine it is to see great philosophers and the very 'cutest of politicians falling, without a qualm of suspicion, into the traps laid for them by this *puer ingenuus* of the fourth form, who has to buy a biographical dictionary in order to find out what his victims are famous for. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, for example, in response to a straight demand for his autograph, sent a haughty printed circular, to the effect that he had "found it necessary to make a rule to decline all such requests." But Robinson Primus bided his time, and one morning the star of Birmingham, as he was travelling in the United States (safe by then to have forgotten all about his correspondent), found a courteous note among his letters inquiring the date of his first election to the House of Commons, the information, it was

intimated, being required to decide a wager. To this subtle flattery Mr. Chamberlain succumbed, and sent not merely an autographic signature but a holographic note in reply. (It is interesting, by the way, that Mr. Chamberlain said he had forgotten the exact date of his first election to Parliament, and, to be sure, in such an illustrious career this was but an insignificant incident.) Mr. James Russell Lowell, another tough subject, was brought down by a similar device. "To what sin," says Mr. Robinson, "will not an autograph-hunter of the genuine neck-or-nothing type descend!" A friend of his had endeavoured to draw Mr. Blaine in every conceivable manner, but without success. At last he sent him a letter saying the writer "would be much obliged by a prompt remittance for the wine supplied last December." Needless to say, no wine had been supplied, but the request brought an immediate reply. Would-be imitators are warned by Mr. Robinson against pirating this idea; but surely its disclosure now, as Major Le Caron said of himself at the Parnell Commission, ought to bring its usefulness to an end. The same, one hopes, may be said of the deadly stratagem employed by an acquaintance of our own, in whose performance we perceive Mr. William Black continues to take an unseemly satisfaction. This worthy youth wrote a letter to each of his intended victims, describing himself as a shipowner, and asking permission to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing; and, alas for the frailty of the great! nearly everyone fell into this fatal snare, including even the sage of Chelsea, hater of shams, who wrote to the bogus shipowner hoping that the vessel named after him might sail into a happier haven than he had ever reached.

Indeed, as we study the ways of the autograph-hunter, whether exemplified in the person of Mr. Robinson or others, we are struck with the simply diabolical ingenuity with which he seems endowed for getting at the human weaknesses of the famous. He seems to have searched to the bottom the hearts that beat in celebrated breasts and to be able to lay a Machiavellian finger upon each man's little pet failing—one's "thumb-screw," as Gracian calls it. Thus, when he wants to draw Mr. Walter Besant he addresses him an artful communication anent the profits of literature; to which Mr. Besant replies in the most desired commercial spirit, innocently lavishing such details as that Wilkie Collins left "a very modest fortune indeed, considering his reputation and the years he was working—less than Anthony Trollope left, less than Charles Reade—in fact, not more than £15,000." Mr. Grover Cleveland proving obdurate, is finally captured by having attributed to him an undiplomatic speech, which, good man, he hastens to pronounce a baseless fabrication. And what profound guile is shown in the way in which Edison's autograph was obtained, after the failure of four appeals! "The Little Wizard held out manfully, so finally, in despair, I wrote to his wife to know if she could not use her influence with him in my behalf. The neatest autograph in my collection came by return post." A similar dodge, however, did not work with Mrs. H. M. Stanley. It is plain that the skilled autograph-hunter is no ordinary person. Heretofore he has been hastily classified amongst the unmitigated bores, one of the great family of Bolanus, "*cerebri felix*," who pursued a certain poor celebrity with tactless persistence down the Sacred Way. But that is evidently a mistake. The autograph-hunter need by no means be a bore, and he certainly does not rejoice in a thick skull. There are evidences that he sometimes even charms and fascinates his prey. Several great men respond with effusion to his "courteous notes." The late Professor Owen found one of his direct requests for an autograph "comforting on the eve of my departure (ætat. 87) from this world which, on the eve of my departure, I have found brightened by friendly notes like yours." Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in quite a burst of enthusiasm, thus responds: "You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent me an addressed envelope; you have sent it me stamped—many have done as much before; you have spelled my name right, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone—you have sent me the stamps for my post-office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here is the signature of

"Robert Louis Stevenson

for the one civil autograph collector."

Curious hints of character are furnished by these varying attitudes of the Olympians in the presence of the autograph-hunter's polite demand. Some of the greatest take the matter most simply. "It is but too easy to comply with your request," wrote M. Pasteur, with charming amiability. Verdi sent a bar of music dated and signed; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Walt Whitman each wrote out a verse; Professor Owen, as we have seen, felt the request for his signature a pleasing compliment. This contrasts rather agreeably with Mr. Chamberlain and his printed circular. Still, we must not push this comparison too far. Mr. John Morley, whom no one will accuse of want of modesty, excused himself through his nephew, and Mr. Gladstone, who errs on the side of over-courtesy to his correspondents, replied in lithograph, as did Mr. Herbert Spencer. Perhaps politicians' nerves are especially harassed. Two replies possess a peculiar interest, in view of things that have happened since they were written. General Boulanger, when in exile in London, during May, 1889, wrote: "I give you rendezvous at Paris in five months, when a liberal and honest Ministry shall have triumphed in France." And M. de Lesseps, on being asked for a "sentiment," gave an "Oriental proverb," to the effect that "an ounce of caution is better than a hundredweight of friendship." Poor old "grand Français"! For an ironical epigraph upon his present case could a more perfect "sentiment" be chosen?

THE PATHETIC FLOURISH.

THE dash under the signature, the unnecessary rat-tat on the knocker, the extravagant angle of the hat in bowing, the extreme unction in the voice, the business man's importance, the strut of the cock, the swagger of the bad actor, the long hair of the poet, the salvation bonnet, the blue shirt of the socialist—against all these, and a hundred examples of the swagger of unreflecting life, did a little brass knocker in Gray's Inn warn me the other evening. I had knocked it as no one should who is not a postman, with somewhat of a flourish. I had plainly said in its metallic reverberations that I was somebody. As I left my friends, I felt the knocker looking at me, and when I came out into the great square, framing the heavens like an astronomical chart, the big stars repeated the lesson with thousand-fold iteration. How they seemed to nudge each other and twinkle among themselves at the poor ass down there, who actually took himself and his doings so seriously as to flourish, even on a little brass knocker.

Yes, I had once again forgotten Jupiter. How many hundred times was he bigger than the earth? Never mind, there he was, bright as crystal, for me to measure my "importance" against! The lamplights did their best, I observed, to brave it out, and the electric lights in Holborn seemed certainly to have the best of it. One could much more easily believe that all these hansoms with their jewelled eyes, these pretty, saucily frocked women with theirs, this busy, glittering, milky way of human life, was the enduring, and those dimmed, uncertain points up yonder but the reflections of human gas-lamps. But still I felt the reverse was nearer the truth. A city clerk, with shining evening hat, went by, his sweetheart on his arm. They were wending gaily to the

theatre, without a thought of all the happy people who had done the same long ago—hasting down the self-same street, to the self-same theatre, with the very same sweet talk—all long since shivering in their graves. I felt I ought to rush up and shake them, take them into a by-street, and show them Jupiter, and tell them they must die; but I thought it might spoil the play for them.

Besides, there were so many hundreds in the streets I should have to address in the same way; formidable people, too, clad in respectability as in coats of mail. The pompous policeman yonder: I longed to go and say to him that there had been policemen before; that he was only the ephemeral example of a world-old type, and needn't take himself so seriously. It was an irresistible temptation to ask him: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bonds of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" But I forbore, and just then, glancing into an oyster shop, I was fascinated by the oysterman. He was rapidly opening a dozen for a new customer, and wore the while the solemnest face I ever saw. Oysters were so evidently, so pathetically, all the world to him. All his surroundings suggested oysters, legends of their prices and qualities made the art on his walls, printed price-lists on his counter made his literature, the prospects and rivalries of his trade made his politics; oysters were, in fact, his religion. His associations from boyhood had been oysters, I felt certain that his relatives, even his ancestors, must be oysters, too; and that if he had any idea of a supreme being, it must take the form of an oyster. Indeed, a sort of nightmare seemed suddenly to take possession of the world, in which alternately policemen swallowed oysters and oysters policemen. How sad it all was—that masterly flourish of the knife with which the oysterman ruthlessly hurried dozen after dozen into eternity; that deferential "Sir" in his voice to every demand of his customer; that brisk alacrity with which he bid his assistant bring "the gentleman's half-stout."

There seemed a world of tears in these simple operations, and the plain oysterman had grown suddenly mystical as an astrological symbol. And, indeed, there was planetary influence in the thing, for there was Jupiter high above us, sneering at our little world of policemen and oystermen.

His grin disagreeably reminded me—had I not myself that very night ignorantly flourished on a brass knocker?

It is so hard to remember the respect we owe to Death. Yet for me there is always a feeling that if we direct our lives cautiously, with proportionate seriousness and no more, not presuming on life as our natural birthright, but taking it with simple thankfulness as a boon which we have done nothing to deserve, and which may be snatched from us before our next breath—that, if we so order our days, Death may respect our humility.

> "The lusty lord, rejoicing in his pride,
> He draweth down; before the armèd knight
> With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride;
> He crosseth the strong captain in the fight";

but such are proud people, arrogant in beauty and strength. With a humble person, who is careful not to flourish beneath his signature, who knocks just as much as he means on the knocker, bows just as much as he respects, smiles cautiously, and never fails to touch his hat to the King of Terrors—may he not deal more gently with such a one?

And yet Death is not a pleasant companion at Life's feast, however kindly disposed. One cannot quite trust him, and he doesn't go well with flowers. Perhaps, after all, they are wisest who forget him, and happy indeed they who have not yet caught sight of him grinning to himself among the green branches of their Paradise.

Yes, it is good that youth should go with a feather in his cap, that spring should garland herself with blossom, and love's vows make light of death. He is a bad companion for young people. But for older folk the wisdom of that knocker in Gray's Inn applies.

THE OLD MASTERS.

WHEN the art critic goes to an exhibition of modern masters he looks round in despair. "Have I," he asks himself, "to write about these things? What shall I say?" But when he visits a collection of old masters he thinks, "How can I write about these pictures in a column or two columns? How jolly it would be to write a book about this exhibition!" And he wanders from wall to wall amazed at the genius of the past. I do not propose to discuss any of the innumerable differences between old and modern masters; but I may mention—for it is impossible not to notice—that all the old masters had talent, more or less, and that the absolute duffer seems to have come into existence with the establishment of State-endowed art training schools. What Government will relieve us from the Kensington incubus and its like? Will it be a Liberal or Conservative Parliament, I wonder? My politics are the abolition of Kensington. Half-a-million a year spent on the destruction of art!

The first thing I noticed on entering the Academy was a beautiful pink note. I went straight to it and found it to be by Hoppner, 23, "Portrait of Mrs. Martin." Half figure, white dress, pink broad-brimmed hat tied under the chin. And what struck me about this portrait was that a picture, clearly not a masterpiece, clearly the work of a second-rate, third-rate painter, could be so charming. It was painted in a great age. Underneath it there are two lovely heads by Reynolds: "Portrait of Mrs. Masters" and "Portrait of Elizabeth Keppel." It is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful, more distinguished. In the corner there is a lovely landscape by Peter de Wint. One generally knows De Wint by hard, meagre water-colours. This is the first oil picture I ever saw by De Wint. I dare say his oils are common enough, but although I do write art criticism I don't happen to have seen everything. The picture is quite beautiful, a thousand times superior to what any of our present landscape painters could do. The blue of the sky, the white clouds, the extensive prospect, the woods, the river, and this almost as uniform in tone as a Wilson By the great trees in the middle distance some white birds are flying—tiny specks, and these tiny specks are exceedingly beautiful. Raising my eyes and stepping back a few paces, I am in a position to enjoy a fine piece of decoration by Ward, a tiger being crushed by a boa constrictor. I don't know whether a boa constrictor would attack and could kill a tiger. Surely nothing can be more fantastic than the glittering coils going up like smoke. Herein lies the merit of the picture—the painter has rejected the incident for *l'idée plastique*. *L'idée plastique* is the whole of art—the moment anything else enters into art decadence begins. A little to the left of Ward's admirable picture there hangs a large picture by Landseer—almost the same subject, treated from a more popular point of view. A lion devouring a deer is disturbed by a boa, which seems inclined to dispute the possession of the spoil. Landseer has related on a large canvas an anecdote which might have been as effectively told in a six-line paragraph in *Tit-Bits*. The painter has said nothing in his canvas which the paragraphist could not have said in six lines of brevier; but, owing to the ignorance of the public, the painting is worth five thousand times more than the paragraph; their artistic value is about equal. Of course, Landseer was a very bad painter—I will not dispute the point—a shocking painter if you like, but I always have maintained that there were moments when something of the artistic instinct seemed to awake in him. I have always looked

tenderly on "The Challenge." The invention of that roaring stag by the wintry lake, the chill night and the immensity of its solitude, are worthy of praise. And every now and then, in the midst of the most revolting philistinisms, Landseer surprises one with a delicacy of perception, a something which announces an artistic temperament—somnolent, perhaps, but still existent in him. I will not attempt to defend the dreadful ten feet or more of canvas, "There's Life in the old Dog yet," which hangs on the opposite wall, but at the end of the room you will find a little picture, sixteen by twenty—a portait of Viscountess Fitzharris. You will not see that it is by Landseer in the first glance. The head of the lady looks more as if it had been painted by Leslie than by Landseer. The picture is very far indeed from a masterpiece, and I call attention to it for the purpose of showing how an indifferent painter will rise above his usual level when, by a happy accident in Nature, he is limited to *l'idée plastique*. The lady sits, or rather lies back, in an easy chair by a large, square, open window. Her little feet are clad in black silk stockings, and they are upon a foot-stool; a small spaniel lies in her lap, and a greyhound, foreshortened, rests his long muzzle on the sill and stares at the wide expanse of English country. The day is warm; the mild sunlight floods the room. Landseer saw that it was one of Nature's happy accidents. The charm of the motive could not but be perceived even by the most dense, and Landseer possessed sufficient technical skill to give a general idea of a very delightful effect which happened to come across his way.

I hear that two Constables in the present exhibition are declared to be forgeries. The first is No. 10, "Sketch for a landscape with rainbow." One of these days I hope to contribute to these columns what the French call *un article à fond* on the subject of spurious art. The subject is full of interest, but a good deal of space would be required to discuss it adequately, and in this little article I do not propose to do more than to raise its fringe. I believe there are gentlemen who put "expert" on their cards, and who will for a fee undertake to tell you who every picture was by. So-and-So painted the head, and So-and-So repainted the head, the landscape was sketched in by So-and-So and finished by So-and-So. The expert's trade is a simple one. All he has to do is to assert that this is by Teniers the younger, and that is by Teniers the elder. Be sure that neither will rise out of his grave to confute him. Even if the raising of both were accomplished, they would not, in vast numbers of cases, be able to distinguish between their work. The credulity of man is as infinite as his stupidity, and the expert has only to speak authoritatively to convince. But is there an expert who would undertake to attribute the pictures that will hang next May in the Academy to their respective painters? What dreadful blunderings! Imagine our art critics deprived of their catalogues! And if we cannot always say who is the painter of a modern picture, how much more difficult it must be to fix names to pictures which were painted in a time when painting was a handicraft, when pupils rivalled their masters in genius and dexterity!

I have noticed that those who are nearly unable to distinguish between good and bad work, are singularly ready to tell you who painted the hands, who touched up the head, who sketched in, and who laid on the paint. Mr. Leslie, R.A., it appears, scoffs at the idea that Constable painted No. 10, "Sketch for a landscape with rainbow." The art critic of the *Athenæum* is equally certain that Constable had nothing to do with the picture. They may be right. I confess that I do not know. But this is how the matter appears to me. The picture is an incoherent mass; the painter had nothing to say, no intention soever is apparent in the picture. There is nothing on the canvas but an exaggeration of Constable's manner. All this I admit, but what I do not feel sure about is, whether it is a wrecked canvas of Constable's own, or a parody of his manner? Who can say that it is not some canvas that he experimented on, scraped, daubed again, scraped again, and finally threw aside? The picture means nothing—what does it matter whether it be a wrecked Constable or an impudent forgery? It will do for the Tate Gallery.

My information regarding Mr. Leslie's opinion and the opinion of the art critic of the *Athenæum* regarding this picture is derived from the evening paper. Unfortunately, I have lost the paper—but, if I remember right, the authenticity of a second Constable was also called into question by those two critics. If so, I must join issue with these critics. I know nothing of the history of 134, "Salisbury Cathedral," but I confess that it seems to me to be genuine. If it isn't genuine, all I can say is that the risk purchasers run in purchasing old masters is greater than I thought it was. G. M.

THE BANKING CRISIS IN ITALY.

(From an Italian Correspondent.)

ITALY possesses six banks of issue—the Banca Nazionale, with paid-up capital six millions, and two millions to be called; the Banca Nazionale Toscana, paid-up capital £840,000, to be called £360,000; the Banca Romana, paid-up capital £600,000; the Banca Toscana di Credito, paid up capital £200,000, to be called £200,000. Besides these, there are two banks that are not companies—the Banca di Napoli and the Banca di Sicilia.

The situation of these banks is abnormal in Italy, especially in the fact that, not being obliged to change their notes, they need please no one save the Government. They please it in two ways—first, by subventioning all the enterprises that the Government favours, and then by discounting liberally the bills of the deputies, and by asking from the lawyers who are deputies, and who may be Ministers, consultations, which they pay for at high rates. For all this, the banks of issue merit more indulgence than blame. It is the system that is bad.

The Banca Nazionale is very well administered; not so the other banks. The forced currency of bank-notes has been abolished nominally in Italy, but is replaced by the legal currency, which does not differ materially. Recently I met at Turin an English tourist who was much astonished to find that at the railway station the people refused to take the bank-notes of the Banca Toscana di Credito which had been given to him at the station at Florence by the same railway. The reason is that the bank-notes have legal currency only in those provinces of the kingdom where the banks that issue them have their headquarters, or at least a branch. If this tourist had refused to accept the bank-notes at Florence which were given him in change, he would have fallen under article 441 of the Penal Code, and might have been made to pay a fine of 50 francs; but the Banca Toscana di Credito having no branch at Turin, its notes have no legal currency in this province, and everyone makes use of his right to refuse them, although this little bank is perchance the best of the banks of Italy. It would not be possible to say the same of the Banca Romana, and the public certainly has shown no anxiety to accept its notes. The Government, which protected this bank, for reasons which were whispered formerly, and which now are spoken of quite frankly, obliged the other banks, and above all the Banca Nazionale, to accept the bank-notes of the Banca Romana, and till quite recently there was to be read in the official documents which the Government publishes this notice on the subject of the circulation of the Banca Nazionale: "520,000 lire of bank-notes of the Banca Romana to be deducted, 150,000 lire for advances made to the province of Cagliari, 2,000,000 lire for subvention to the Turinese banks."

These issues were illegal, nay punishable. But it was the Government which had obliged the

Banca Nazionale to break the law. To make it responsible for this fact could not be dreamed of, so a law voted by Parliament has rendered this issue legal. The words, "Turinese banks," employed above serve to indicate the Banca Tiberina. This bank had imprudently engaged its capital in the building speculations at Rome. Signor Giolitti, then Minister of Finance, who protected it, obliged the banks of issue to lend to the Banca Tiberina 2,400,000 lire, and thus succeeded in saving it. Other similar locked-up investments were taken over by the banks of issue, either spontaneously or in obedience to Government pressure, and hence it followed that a large portion of their capital is now withdrawn from circulation.

It is difficult to know precisely what is the sum thus tied up. The Banca Toscana di Credito, which is the wisest of them, has no such unrealisable investments. For the others, the most moderate calculation would bring the figures to a total of about 8,800,000 lire of tied-up capital. To this must be added the *portefeuille politique—i.e.*, the bills of Members of Parliament and other important personages, who by reason of their influence, rather than of their solvency, enjoy the favour of having their bills of exchange discounted by the banks. It is certain that there are many drafts that have been renewed year by year, and which will never be paid, but the sum they represent is unknown. But its amount is probably exaggerated.

All these facts have long been known, but recently others of extreme gravity have been exposed in the Chamber by two deputies—Signor Colajanni of the extreme Left, and Signor Gavazzi of the Right. They, however, only read some passages from a secret official report drawn up by the late Senator Alvisi, suppressed in his lifetime, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, but communicated by him at his death to friends who were charged to make it known.

The Ministry gave no categorical reply to the charges, but promised to undertake an inquiry itself. Little result was expected from this, but it has already driven the Banca Romana into liquidation and disclosed serious defalcations at the Banca di Napoli.

Signor Colajanni has affirmed in the Chamber, among other things, that the real circulation of the banks of issue exceeds by one million sterling the circulation stated in the official balance sheets. To this statement the only satisfactory reply is Yes or No. The silence of the Government on so important a point, and its obstinacy in refusing to communicate to the Chamber the report of Senator Alvisi, has led public opinion to suppose that the evil is much greater than it really is. It is reported, for instance, that the actual note circulation of the Banca Romana exceeds the authorised by about 85 per cent. However, it is said that a part of the irregularities in question have been rectified. If this be the case, the Government acted wisely in trying to avoid a scandal, but it is requisite that it should prevent similar irregularities in future. The fact is that Italian public men fear nothing so much as scandal, and to avoid it they do not even shrink from letting evil increase.

The Bill which Giolitti has proposed, in order to prolong for six years the legal currency of the bank-notes, was the result of an effort made by interested persons. The Ministry has contented itself for the moment with a prolongation for three months of the power of the banks of issue to issue legal tender notes, but it does not seem as if it would abandon its original project. It must, however, be observed that as certain banks are opposed to the scheme, the politicians who depend on them will endeavour to make it miscarry. These divergent interests will divide the deputies who were unanimous only in rejecting an inquiry which might have been disastrous to all. It is of small profit, on the other hand, to punish individuals if the system be not changed that produces such pernicious results, and unfortunately we are very far off indeed from taking that road.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—It is needless to say that your article of the 7th inst., pointing out a few of the debatable problems of the Home Rule Bill, has attracted the attention of both friend and foe of self-government for this distracted country.

I see, from a leader in the *Daily News*, that Mr. Gladstone, who is anxious to frame a Bill acceptable to the Irish people, is acting in consultation with a few of our leading Irish Members, and if I venture into the shadowy region of discussion to which your friendly article I think not inopportunely invites us, it is not through any want of confidence in the wisdom or the patriotism of those who speak for the country at this moment, but rather because I entertain a strong opinion that if the country is expected to pass judgment on the Bill *after* it is framed, it would be desirable that our views were known to the Cabinet before the Bill is laid on the table of the House of Commons.

For the views expressed in this letter I alone am responsible: at the same time I know that many of them are shared by others in whose judgment I have confidence, and, with your permission, I now venture to say a few words as briefly as possible on the important points proposed for friendly discussion.

In a Bill of such magnitude as giving a Constitution to a country every clause will be important; but to my mind the question of the Land and that of Finance are *the* most important, whilst the retention of the Irish Members in London and the provision for one or two Chambers in the Irish Parliament will prove the most difficult problems.

And, first, as to *The Land*.—Irish land is at this moment practically unsaleable except to Irish tenants. No man—no sane man—will pay down hard cash to become an Irish landlord, because economic rent is fast disappearing. If the tenants on an estate were in a position, as they are in England, to leave it in a body, the landlord would find it impossible to settle it again with *bonâ-fide* occupiers capable of paying him half the rents which, at the point of the British bayonet, he is now trying to collect. Therefore an Irish Parliament would not be justified in undertaking, under statutory enactment, to collect rents as at present fixed by Messrs. Wrench & Co., who are running the Land Commission not in the interest of the State, but in the interest of bankrupt landlords and emergency men. Nor would it be just to Ireland or safer for the English Exchequer to retain the Irish Members in London, and, against their advice and protest, to settle the Irish land question on terms which Irish tenants could not honestly carry out. I would suggest, therefore, that if Irish landlords are to be bought out (and it is the only solution of the difficulty) on the strength of British credit, any measures adopted for that purpose should be Imperial, and passed with the concurrence of a majority of the Irish Members. If the British Parliament should go through the farce of retaining the Irish Members in London, and by a British majority pass Irish land laws which will be resisted by the Irish Members as unjust, and then, after a few years, send the Irish Members home to Dublin to collect impossible instalments of exorbitant rent from Irish farmers, they will be doing an act as unwise as it will be unjust.

The Retention of the Irish Members.—We don't want to intermeddle with British legislation, and at the same time enjoy the sole right of making laws for Ireland; but if England insists on settling the Irish land question in London, of course the full strength of our present representation must be maintained in the Imperial Parliament, and I would suggest that, to facilitate the sale of Irish land, legislation should run largely on the lines of the Ashbourne Act, as Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill, with its insurance and other clauses, is practically a dead letter. If Parliament could see its way to create a good working machinery for the sale of Irish land, I would say that after five years the landlords who refused to sell should be handed over to an Irish Parliament.

The Veto.—This question is settled: we cannot refuse it; but, provided the Irish Parliament does not attempt legislation beyond its statutory powers, the exercise of such veto would—seeing that it is a dead letter in England—be both irritating and unjust.

The Judiciary and the Police.—I assume the Irish Executive will have the appointment of the Irish judges—there is no necessity for reserving that point. The greatest enemies of Irish liberty and of the Liberal party are the Irish judges, with only a few exceptions. We have had enough of judges for several years. We must keep them, it appears, and when we want more we will appoint *judges* and not bitter partisans.

It is not so with the police. While the country is in a state of transition, and until a civil force, or the nucleus of a civil force, is organised, I would give the Imperial Government control of the police—but only for two or three years. This the country would freely agree to, but we have enough of reservations, without including the judges.

Finance.—All are agreed that the financial arrangements of the Bill of 1886 were ruinous and unjust. I am sure that our English, Scotch, and Welsh friends, who are going to give us Home Rule, seeing that we have been so unfairly handicapped by the consolidation of the National Debt, and are paying far

more than our fair relative share of the public burthens—basing the calculation on our wealth and capabilities—will deal justly, if not generously, with us, and give us a fair start on the road of national progress. From Mr. Gladstone we expect much. No living statesman has laid a heavier hand on poor Ireland in this respect than her best friend now. We did not like the Receiver-General keeping watch and ward over us as a lot of children—taking charge of all our money and handing us over a few coppers out of the change after discharging our Imperial obligations. £400,000 was too little of a surplus to carry on the Irish Government, and develop the resources of the poorest country in Europe.

In conclusion, I must apologise for occupying so much of your valuable space. My only object in making this little contribution to the present discussion is to secure a permanent settlement and a lasting peace. Believe me, we only want an honest and final settlement, and the broader the lines on which concessions are made, the more you trust us—the safer and more permanent you make the friendly relations between the two countries. England is a great nation, and Ireland's sons are generous and brave. You may win us by justice and generosity, but you never can conquer us by persecution or fear. We have fought and won many a battle together, and take my word for it, that if we make honourable terms of peace now under the proposed federal arrangement, England and Ireland, united in friendly brotherhood of brave men, will consolidate their strength; and no matter what the future may have in store for us, will present an impregnable front which will defy the world.

A Member of the Irish National Federation.

January 17th.

MR. BURNE-JONES'S PICTURES.

Sir,—There is one passage in the article by G. M. in The Speaker of last week which is so dogmatic and positive in tone that the contradictoriness of human nature forbids me to let it pass unchallenged. It is this:—

"Two hundred years ago oil painting had expressed all that it was capable of expressing; its limitations and its strength were fully known. It is an instrument that has been built up by degrees, perfected by men of genius; and this instrument, in my opinion, should be accepted as it has come down to us or left alone. What would be thought of a musician who, instead of composing new music for the piano, were to spend his day in altering the instrument? and oil painting is as incapable of alteration or development as the piano. Now, whatever may be thought of Mr. Burne-Jones's command of pictorial invention, it will not be denied that no one has ever used oil-colour as falsely as he. Oil painting has a history; and though we go back to Mantegna or Botticelli, we shall find little authority for Mr. Burne-Jones's woolwork."

If G. M. had been content to restrict himself to disquisitions on the subject of oil methods alone, the uninitiated mind might have bowed in deference to his presumably superior knowledge. But when he proceeds to bolster up his theories by an analogy drawn from the sister art, the insecurity of his foothold must be patent to the dullest vision. What are his grounds, I would ask, for asserting that the present pianoforte, and, by the same token, the present materials of oil-painting and their use, are incapable of alteration and development?

We need surely but glance back at the last century to see Bach and even Beethoven cramped and trammelled by instruments compared to which our modern pianos are well-nigh orchestral in their power. And "the causes of this immense change are manifold. First, a gradual improvement in the instrument—itself a result of tradition, which permitted an advance upon the acquirements of earlier generations. Secondly, parallel with this advance, the development of appropriate music. Lastly, the immense improvement in . . . technique. . . ." (Weismann.)

What reason have we to suppose that this gradual improvement has now come to an abrupt close? Are there not at this very moment whisperings in the air of an instrument that is to combine far greater range and delicacy of tone, with considerably increased facilities for complicated execution? Is G. M. (but perish the thought!) in league with those manufacturers and publishers of technical manuals, to whose not wholly unnatural conservatism the damming of the stream of progress is by some considered due?

No; let us rather build our hopes of the future on our knowledge of the past. And even if in pessimistic moments we decline to believe in the continued development of human faculty, let us yet at all times rest assured of the never-ceasing ascent of human achievement.

The geniuses of the present and future ages may be of no finer mould than their remotest predecessors, but they have a better start in life's handicap.

Authority is made for man, and not man for authority. "Weise erdenken neuen gedanken, und Narren verbreiten sie."

I do not wish to fall into an argument on the intrinsic merits of Mr. Burne-Jones's woolwork, or the palette of Mr. Watts. They are certainly neither of them in any need of extraneous support; and G. M. has also deprecated discussion by the suitable modesty of his prefatory remarks.—Your obedient servant.

January 10, 1893. W.

UPON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NOW winds of Winter glue
Their tears upon the thorn,
And Earth has voices few,
And these forlorn.

And 'tis our solemn night
When maidens sand the porch,
And play at Jack's Alight,
With burning torch,

Or cards, or Kiss i' the Ring;
While ashen faggots blaze,
And late Wassailers sing
In miry ways.

Then, dear my wife, be blithe
To bid the New Year hail
And welcome,—plough, drill, scythe,
And jolly flail.

For though the snows he'll shake
Of winter from his head,
To settle, flake by flake,
On ours instead,

Yet we be wreathed green,
Beyond his blight or chill,
Who kissed at seventeen
And worship still.

We know not what he'll bring:
But this we know to-night,—
He doth prepare the Spring
For our delight:

With birds he'll comfort us,
With blossoms, balms and bees,
With brooks and odorous
Wild breath o' the breeze.

Come, O anointed prime:
With sweets thy bosom fill,
And dance it, dripping thyme,
On Lantick hill:

West wind, awake and comb
Our garden, blade from blade:
We, in our little home,
Sit unafraid.

Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Short Story.

GOSSIPS declare from time to time that the Short Story is "rising in popular favour": from time to time other gossips (or perhaps the same) announce it to be sinking. I don't know what the distance may be between its zenith and nadir: nor do I propose to inquire, having next to no interest in gauging the popular intelligence. The Short Story will always be a useful study and good practice for an author at one stage in his education: at another it will always be useless and harmful. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his later years conceived and put into practice an heroic resolution. He sat down and read again his "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." His reperusal suggested the following reflection: "How on earth did I ever come to write those blasted allegories?" The epithet has often struck me as unnecessarily harsh. It suggests, at any rate, a certain bitterness: and I have come to believe that he felt this bitterness. He saw that these short stories had really injured his later work.

Let us get rid at once of a misconception. Commercially minded friends—the chrematistic novelist before all—will often urge upon a young writer that he prodigally wastes invention on this form of art; that he pours out on five pages that which, with ordinary economy, might be spread—as one cuts

bread and butter for a large family—over three volumes, and offered to the public at ten-and-sixpence the volume; that he is unmindful of old age, etc. etc. I believe this advice to be either a covert insult or rank nonsense. If a man, knowing that the average length of human life falls but little under three-score years and ten, select a profession likely to leave him at forty without a shot in his locker, then no doubt he makes a mistake and must pay for it. But shall he therefore be applauded, at twenty-five or thirty, for offering to the public goods which he knows to be inferior? This seems to me a case in which business caution treads close on the heels of fraud. The advice looks mean. It is in fact superfluously mean. For imagination grows by exercise; and if a man's best is good, he may give it again and again without apprehension, aware from his reading of biographies and from his own observation that in literature, if anywhere, the words of the old epitaph hold good:

"What I gave, I have;
What I have, I spent."

Moreover an artist, who knows his business, can see of any incident or human combination or catastrophe whether it properly makes a long story, or a short, or an episode in a long story. To him it is no matter of caprice. Short stories are not long ones condensed: neither is the novel an expanded *conte*. Of course, while learning his business he will make many mistakes, and often (for instance) set down as a short story that which, to wear its full significance, should stand as an episode in a tale of wide development. But there is nothing on earth, or in heaven, to forbid his repairing the mistake and translating his first sketch into its right place in a large picture.

And yet the writing of short stories is full of danger: nor can I imagine anything worse for a novelist than to continue writing them after he has learnt what they can teach. They teach him to be concise in language, exact in selecting his facts; how to make each sentence score a point; how to produce an immediate effect. But although it is very pleasant to be able to produce an immediate effect, to be perpetually doing so is the mischief itself. Was there ever a great book written that did not contain many dull pages? Would "Paradise Lost" be worth more than five pounds if (to use the reviewer's phrase) the excitement were "well maintained" and the reader kept "from the first page to the last in a state of breathless suspense"? Would Balzac be so mighty if he did not at times bore us mightily? Ask rather if America would be the most interesting continent on the planet did she not contain Ignatius Donnelly and the Great Central Plain? A book must have level fields and dusty highroads as well as rocks and cascades; east wind and Scotch mist as well as sunshine and zephyrs; if it is to represent a real earth set in a real atmosphere.

But the inveterate writer of short stories loses sight of this necessity. He resembles that most pitiful of comedians who must win a laugh from the galleries with each sentence; and who, for the sake of present applause, defaces the character he represents and wrecks the play. He cannot tell when to be quiet, or how to work gradually to a great effect. For the sake of a dozen birds in the hand he loses that inestimable one in the bush. And this impatience is bad not only for his art, but for his health. It feeds that nervous irritability from which we are all suffering nowadays. We who worry over small successes—a lyric, a fable, a phrase—can neither digest so easily nor live so long as the slow masters who built on large lines and slept, perhaps, as they plastered in stone upon stone of no remarkable beauty, content to wait for applause until the completed edifice claimed it from the critic.

I hold, too, that although to write short stories may help a man to handle English with deftness, the Short Story itself will never reach perfection in English. The language is too full and hardly precise enough. It wants sea-room, to use a metaphor sufficiently apt. It cannot turn, as French can, in its own length. One of the cleverest feats in French story-telling is to advance on the tale by brisk conversation. But in England, as a rule, conversation doesn't advance: it marks time. Have we ever had a writer who can make dialogue express action, or tell, as Dumas so often tells, a whole story in a page or two of give-and-take sentences measuring, on an average, six words apiece?

Lastly, we may observe that short stories are apter than others to offend against the essential cheerfulness of English literature. What that cheerfulness is, we will consider another week.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTTISH REVIEWINGS.

Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, F.R.S.A., LL.D. Edited by W. Minto. Two vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

In a letter to the present writer, the late Mr. Bell Scott once exclaimed rather bitterly on the way in which fate had continually and ungratefully used him as a sort of touchstone to other men—poets, painters, and what not—helping them to prove their quality, while his own claims went by the board. If his friends were so far fortunate at his hands during his life, it is clear they have had, in some cases, to pay for it since his death. Mr. Swinburne in the *Fortnightly* has exclaimed hotly, for one, against the tactless treatment of himself and others, in these two volumes. Want of tact, a certain want of exact memory, and perhaps a touch on occasion of racial spleen, account for much that is irresponsible in Mr. Bell Scott's notes and reviews on his English contemporaries. He had, it must be admitted, rare opportunities. He was curiously associated with the first beginnings, for instance, of the London reputations of two men so different as D. G. Rossetti and Walt Whitman; and of later and earlier names than these his autobiography is full. He knew Leigh Hunt and Carlyle, dined in Edinburgh with Christopher North, talked once to Sir Walter Scott, and lived to listen to some of us who first began to write, comparatively, yesterday. He watched something like three generations as a contemporary; saw in turn the rise of Tennyson, of Mr. Swinburne, and of a still younger school in poetry. He was born in 1811, and lived till 1890; and it says something for his own exclaimer about want of recognition, that at his death it took the *Times* nearly a week to find it out. To the general, indeed, he is almost an unknown name, and will probably remain so in spite of these two volumes and their solid reminders.

As his name might imply, he was of old Scottish stock, a branch possibly, Sir Walter Scott was kind enough to think, of his own family. Mr. Scott's father was a well-known Edinburgh engraver a century ago, who had his workshop at the very top of one of the ten-storied old Edinburgh houses, higher than St. Giles's church itself. His children, including our autobiographer, and his elder and greater brother, David, found, however, their home at a small house outside the town, near the famous scenery of the "Heart of Midlothian." These early Scottish impressions are intrinsically, perhaps, as interesting as anything in the book; but we press on to the later impressions of a wider stage, where the figures that pass are better known.

"My earliest real friend and counsellor in poetry," says Scott, "was Christopher North, a man whose personality was itself overpowering in an artistic way, with the strength and action of his body, his great mane of light brown hair, and the energy of

expression in all his features, which found fitting outlet through the rich, loud, semi-savage utterance." To Wilson succeeds Sir Walter Scott: "An unwieldy but strong man he appeared at close quarters, a gigantic Jack Horner at the small desk in the corner." Sir Walter's advice was characteristic, on his young visitor's presenting him with some blank verse lucubrations — "Better write in rhyme; twenty people read rhyme for one that enjoys blank verse." In 1837, the young man—then some twenty-six years old—went on to London, where he thought the reigning men of letters very inferior, in point of social and personal prestige at any rate, to the Edinburgh *dii majores*. The latter were indeed, he thought, gentlemen of letters by comparison—gentlemen and Tories; and it is amusing to find his Scottish prejudices thus at odds with the Liberal ideas which he professed, as to sense of caste and the like. Thus we find an astounding passage in his early history in London, one of many of the same order, in which he speaks patronisingly of "dear Charles Lamb, whose writing, like himself, was essentially middle-class;" of Hazlitt, "a noble fellow in his way, but of no social position;" and of Peacock, Leigh Hunt, Keats, "men of genius, but, alack! no gentlemen;" a fact which, he thought, excused Lockhart for his attacks on the "Cockney School." This is the first sign of the splenetic quality in the author which his later English friends have not failed to find in him, in spite of Professor Minto's protest to the contrary, and which, certainly—such is the human nature of most readers—tends to give to these notes on men and things that half-malice of the pen not unknown in such reminiscences, and not unpleasant to those who like them spiced with scandal.

Scott found Leigh Hunt, whom he greatly liked, living in Chelsea, where he was himself long afterwards to settle; and he corroborates very much the received account of him, as an amiable, cultured, impecunious man. Carlyle, Leigh Hunt's perfect antithesis in everything, lived round the corner in Cheyne Row, and him his young fellow-countryman found less urbane, as we may expect. He made Scott angry by laughing at Christopher North. Tennyson was at this time living, according to our author, who lived in the same district, at Mornington Crescent, Camden Town; but there is no account of him till a later date. G. H. Lewes, however, came to know Scott through Leigh Hunt. "I found him my junior," says Scott, "by five or six years, an exuberant but not very reliable or exact talker, a promising man of parts, a mixture of the man of the world and the boy. I could not make him out or get a true glimpse of his acquirements, holding by high and pure ways of life and habits of body which he ignored and repudiated. We took to each other, however." There is an interesting etching which appears against this passage in the book, representing Lewes, Leigh Hunt and his son Vincent, and Bell Scott sitting round a fireside, presumably in Hunt's house. About the time of this first acquaintanceship with Lewes, Scott was projecting what is in some ways perhaps, in spite of its technical defects, his most original work, "Chorea Sancti Viti; or, Steps in the Journey of Prince Legion." This was a series of designs in outline, intended to show the stages in the career of the self-seeking man of ordinary powers and unscrupulous ability—Prince Legion to wit. The slender quarto—or, rather, royal octavo—in which these designs were published is now so scarce as to be practically unknown, but it is one of the most curious among all such forgotten books. Lewes wanted to write a characteristic exposition of Prince Legion, adopting him as his own creation, to accompany the designs; but Scott objected, and very wisely. Clough seems, on his own confession, to have partly taken the idea of his "Dipsychus" from the book; and it had its influence elsewhere.

We pass rapidly over the succeeding periods in Scott's history, which led him in turn from London again to Tyneside, where his accounts of the social life at Newcastle-on-Tyne fifty years ago will be found full of local colour and other reminiscent interest, by those who know that vigorous place in its later developments. It was at Newcastle that Emerson, on a visit to England, found out Scott, who had attracted his attention by his mystical long poem, "The Year of the World." To Newcastle, too, wrote D. G. Rossetti, in November, 1847, then still a mere boy, praising the same poem and others, less ambitious and more successful, of Bell Scott's, and thus began a very memorable friendship, lasting till Rossetti died. On a subsequent visit to London, Scott met his young correspondent in the studio of another young artist—Holman Hunt. Rossetti was painting a "Girlhood of the Virgin," and Holman Hunt an "Oath of Rienzi" in the Flemish manner. The meeting with these two covetable new acquaintances made the beginning of the second and most interesting period in the author's history, and led on to a new, wider circle of his known and recognised contemporaries, including "Orion" Horne, W. J. Linton, Ebenezer Jones, Coventry Patmore, Tennyson, Woolner, Mazzini, Kossuth, and other more unlikely names. As for Rossetti, he appears and reappears continually; and we hear in some circumstance, and occasionally with sinister effect, of all his sad history, and all his various activity in art and poetry. His letters are frequent, moreover, and give their richer colouring to the pages that follow, in the recounting of the "P. R. B.," the *Germ*, and other æsthetical landmarks. Meanwhile, still other figures appear on the scene: Mr. William Morris, Mr. Burne-Jones, and notoriously Mr. Swinburne, who is described (in one of the debated passages of the book) as first encountered on a country road in Northumberland, near Sir Walter Trevelyan's house at Wallington, where Scott was painting some wall-paintings at this time. "He was always riding a little long-tailed pony at a good pace towards the village. He had the appearance of a boy, but for a certain mature expression on his handsome high-bred face, which had bright yellow hair flowing on his shoulders. On his saddle was strapped a bundle of books like those of a schoolboy." Mr. Swinburne, let us remember, has recently discounted this and other reminiscences in the book. A crudely executed etching of the poet as he appeared three or four years later, which accompanies this written sketch, has almost the effect of a schoolboy's caricature, an effect certainly unintended by the etcher.

We have not space to trace the further contemporary encounters, and to describe the various personal histories in little with which the book abounds. There is more gall in some of its later references, no doubt, than the writer himself quite intended; and it is to be questioned if it was wise to publish them—at any rate, for some time to come. William Bell Scott, like the rest of us, was strongly governed by his temperamental sympathies and antipathies; and a temperamental lack of humour led him sometimes curiously to misconceive his friends, and then to comment somewhat maliciously on their supposed eccentricities. Professor Minto has not found it easy either, apparently, to make his services as editor altogether equal to meeting these difficulties. But, take it as we will, the book must be reckoned with as at least a very individual presentment of its author, and of many among his most vivid contemporaries.

EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By John Burnet, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London and Edinburgh: Black.

BY this lucid work Professor Burnet, of St. Andrews, has done English readers of philosophy a real service, and made an important contribution to a most fascinating subject. While writing a work for scholars,

and himself making definite additions to our knowledge on various points, he has had the happy tact to present his subject in such a way that it appeals to those also who are not scholars. The book is an excellent instance of the application of the historical method to the history of philosophy—the method which represents a past thinker as he himself thought his thoughts, and not merely in the significance which they may bear for us.

A historian of philosophy, finding in his author suggestions—sometimes in quaint or uncouth forms—of doctrines important in his own eyes, may easily be beguiled into treating them as the original germs of later discoveries, instead of presenting them in all their real limitations of meaning and expression. With the early Greek philosophers this is especially easy, so little do we know of them, and so original and penetrating do they seem when we consider the poverty of their resources. The historian will be the more liable to this error the more of an independent thinker he is himself, for it is in this way that he makes use of his authorities for his own purposes. The process began even in ancient times. The Stoics tried to "accommodate" the earlier philosophers to their own views. Aristotle, to whom we owe important notices of his predecessors, saw them in the light of his theory of four causes. Mr. Burnet points out how the information given by the dramatist Plato, with his gift of impersonality, is much less coloured by personal interpretation. In modern times Hegel, who was assuredly a great historian of philosophy, repeated the defects, as he repeated some of the merits, of Aristotle. Ferrier's lectures on early Greek philosophy—probably the best known English work on the subject—were inspired by Hegel. Such treatment is full of instruction, but it is not properly historical. What young student fresh from the Schools, and with the remembrance of Ferrier, has read Mr. Bywater's collection of the fragments of Heraclitus, and has not been eager to recognise a profound thinker born in an age unworthy of him, and has not revelled in these obscure anticipations of the "unity of contradictories?" He would take a soberer, though not less admiring, view of Heraclitus if he learnt under Mr. Burnet's guidance how the "unity of opposites" means with Heraclitus such truths as that justice does not exist without injustice, or heat without cold, and that life and death must be explained together; and how Heraclitus derived all things from fire (which he thought to be God), and how he thought that all things changed upwards into the rarer fire, and downwards into the denser form of water and earth, and that the varying states of the human mind were due to its relative quantities of fire and water.

These early Greek philosophers were some of them men of the highest originality, but they suffered under all the limitations of the beginning of science. They were themselves the successors of the earlier cosmologists like Hesiod, from whom they differed, as Mr. Burnet points out, because they "left off telling tales," and devoted themselves to explaining what they found before them. They were philosophers in the sense that they were dealing with ultimate questions. But all the time they were thinking of concrete things. When they spoke of nature they did not mean a pervading law, or a system, but the primary substance. They are, in fact, not only philosophers, but men of science, and the natural science occupies the larger portion of their writings. They are much what Kant would be for us if all we possessed of him were the nebular theory associated with his name and that of Laplace, together with the dictum that the understanding makes nature. Science was at that time not differentiated from philosophy. The separation has been effected since, but in our own times it tends to become obliterated again in proportion as philosophy is regarded as being only one of the sciences, the ultimate one. We, with whom philosophy is science, stand therefore nearer to the Ionians, with whom science is philosophy, than we ordinarily suppose. Throughout his work Mr. Burnet emphasises the concrete or non-conceptual character of the ideas used by their philosophy. When they spoke of Not-Being they meant empty space, when they spoke of Being they meant matter. When Parmenides said that only Being is, Not-Being was not, he meant that the universe was full with matter, and that change was therefore impossible. Anaximander declared the primary substance to be "the infinite," and many have supposed this to be something like the Aristotelian "matter," devoid of qualities; and other interpretations have been given. Mr. Burnet holds it to contain these later possibilities, but to be itself nothing more than a substance boundless in extent. Even the numbers of the later Pythagoreans, abstract as they seem at first sight, are merely spatial forms (one a point, two a line, etc.). When Empedocles described Love and Strife as the causes of the origin of things, he thought of them not as mere processes or even forces, but as elements on a level with the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. We naturally think of this theory along with that of natural selection, where creatures are paired through love, and selected through strife. But how great is the distance between the theories! Even Anaxagoras's Reason which "came and set things in order" Mr. Burnet is inclined to regard as a kind of body substituted for the Love and Strife of Empedocles.

Not the least interesting parts of the book are those which throw light on the personality and the general character of the thought of some of the philosophers. We understand Empedocles better when we recognise in him, as in the wise men of all early tribes, something of the medicine-man. Xenophanes is not so much an independent philosopher as he is a satirist disgusted with the theology of the poets, and employing against it the learning acquired in the Ionian school. Pythagoras is regarded as representing a religious reaction from earlier types of religion. He, too, is a medicine-man. We know about him, as distinguished from his later followers, extremely little; but his doctrine of transmigration, and his prohibitions, certain foods and actions, recall a purely primitive range of ideas, and a barbarian system of taboos.

The largest bulk of the fragments consists of cosmology. There is a peculiar attraction about these speculations, the crudity of which is only what we expect when we remember how little the Greeks, for all their genius, were removed from primitive stages of thought. The astronomy of the early philosophers is mostly made up of fanciful hypotheses, natural to shrewd minds without much knowledge. One most striking feature in their physics is the prominence of change, and, moreover, a change which is rhythmical, a see-saw in the movement of things. Ideas like those which are familiar to us as integration and differentiation, evolution and dissolution, appear in the Ionian school in naïve forms. With Anaximander things (the heavenly bodies, heat and cold, and the like) are gradually separated out from the boundless substance, and into it they return again. According to Anaximenes, the ultimate principle of "air" (which means with him mist, for Empedocles first discovered what we call air, which was thought before him to be empty space) produces the different substances by condensation and rarefaction. Mr. Burnet rightly points out the advance made in this assertion, that things differed simply by being more or less of one original substance. Heraclitus made change a fundamental doctrine. All through, the change has limits imposed on it, represented sometimes as the reparation made by one thing to another for injustice, sometimes as due to the observation of certain measures, the transgression of which, as Heraclitus says, the Erinnyes avenge. Later on, biological and physiological ideas attracted the attention of thinkers like Empedocles and Anaxagoras. Of the first philosopher we have large fragments preserved, and can form a fairly clear conception of his

system. With him, too, we begin to get inquiries into psychology, the problem of sense-perception—inquiries which were the basis of Aristotle's important work on this subject. With Empedocles, too, we have the beginning of a new line of philosophical (or scientific) thought. Instead of one principle, as in the Ionian school, many principles are postulated—by Empedocles the elements, by Anaxagoras the so-called seeds which enter in various proportions into the composition of all things. The atomic theory of Leucippus is the logical goal of this line of thought; and it concludes, Mr. Burnet thinks, the history of the origins of Greek philosophy.

Mr. Burnet has drawn out carefully the intimate connection that exists between the successive thinkers, whether in the way of advance or reaction. We can only draw attention with a word to the emphasis which, after Professor Diels, of Berlin, he lays upon the existence of schools of philosophy in Early Greece. Apart from the direct notices we get of such "schools," it is difficult to believe that philosophy was developed under circumstances differing much from our own. The more we learn of these writers, the more we recognise ourselves, and here and there are incidents which fill the record with human interest. With what delicate contempt, not unfamiliar to modern professors, does Parmenides, after expounding the "way of truth," proceed to explain the philosophy of others (whom Mr. Burnet identifies with the Pythagoreans) as the opinions of "mortals"! How like it sounds to "mere empiricists" or to "common-sense philosophers." And we who look out with eager anticipation for a new book of some great modern thinker's, do we not see ourselves again when we read in Plato how the young Socrates who had ceased to believe entirely in his Heraclitean tutor, heard that Anaxagoras had said that mind was the cause of all things, and bought his book and read it, and then found to his disappointment that, beyond this mere assertion about mind, Anaxagoras talked of "nothing but air and æther and water, and a host of other strange things"?

We recommend this book cordially to all who are interested in philosophy; to those who do not know the history of early Greek philosophy, because it will give them a clear and accurate picture of a period of thought which possesses both great importance and a singular fascination; to those who do, because it will give them the opportunity of reading these thinkers again.

THE GREATNESS OF F. D. MAURICE.

THE PATRIARCHS AND LAWGIVERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. A Series of Sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M.A. (New Edition.) London: Macmillan & Co.

WE are glad to see this beautifully-printed and handy reissue of the first series of F. D. Maurice's "Sermons on the Old Testament." Maurice has always been a writer for the few rather than the many; and perhaps this is the reason why his works are still found, in many cases, to be fruitful and suggestive while some of his more popular contemporaries are more or less out of date. He is hard reading; his sentences are involved; the drift of his statements is only to be come at by slow and patient study; but for that reason alone he is valuable as an intellectual discipline and counteractive of the tendency to "cram," of the easily-acquired knowledge which becomes the hard, shallow, aggressive dogmatism, no matter of what school, we meet with so often. Maurice was a singularly undogmatic man. Some considered him vague, because the little circles which limited their own ideas and aspirations could not contain his. Some thought him misty, because they had not mental grasp, or, perchance, patience enough to disentangle the meaning of his complex sentences. Coleridge, we remember, is very hard—somewhere in the *Friend*, we think—on those who find him tough reading, and scolds them roundly, saying that the cause of their difficulty is mere laziness; they will not take the trouble to think. We never read the *Friend* right through ourselves (though we have tried many times); and, we repeat, we think its author was hard on people. But there is a grain of truth in his accusation, nevertheless. And to be perfectly clear, and comprehended entirely without effort by the average intellect, is only possible to a writer willing so far to limit the depth and range of his thought, that he requires uncommon charm of style to make what he has to say sound worth saying at all.

Maurice's convictions are definite enough when you arrive at them, which you are sure to do, sooner or later, if you let him tell his story in his own way. His position was a singular, almost, perhaps, a unique one. A Unitarian by birth and training, who became a fervent Churchman, he was a mark for the attacks of Ritualist and Evangelical alike; and was not altogether in accord with that third party (if so it can be called) with which outsiders usually identified him. But a mystic, as he was, must usually stand alone. With his deep spiritual insight, his quick sympathies, and his delicate scrupulousness of conscience, it is no wonder he could not see his way to throw in his lot unreservedly with any party—as parties go. He willingly recognised and acknowledged that measure of truth which each possessed, while refusing to concede to anyone the exclusive possession of the truth. The setting forth of some part of truth previously obscured or neglected was, he used to say, the *raison d'être* of every sect which ever existed. So far as they maintained that truth they were right: it was when they began to deny to others the possession of any truth that they went wrong.

This attitude towards disputed questions is characteristic of this habit of mind. One expects him to side with one or other of the combatants—or, at any rate, to say how far each is in the right—when lo! he takes his stand on a level high above their heads, and transfers the issue to other ground altogether. The first sermon in this book, "The Creation of Mankind," affords an instance. We might expect him to undertake the defence of Genesis against the geologists or to show, by ingenious reasoning, that both are right. This is what he does say:—"Scripture readers and commentators have insisted that the Mosaic history of Creation shall be the history of the formation of the material earth, though there is not a single sentence in which the slightest allusion is made to that formation. They have insisted that the week must refer to time as measured by the sun, though distinct words and the whole context of the discourse negative such a supposition. Now these are precisely the notions which set the record at variance with the conclusions of physical science. . . . As long as these conceptions last we cannot enter into that idea of Creation which the Scripture is, in every page, bringing out before us; because we cannot feel the beauty of that order of the universe which Moses was permitted to reveal to us; because we shall be continually subjecting both the facts of the material world and the laws of the spiritual world to a hard and dry theory of ours, instead of rising gradually by calm and humble investigations of nature and of God's Word, to an apprehension of them and Him." Of course, this sort of thing is not readily grasped by the man in the street; it needs popularising. Kingsley and Robertson of Brighton, between them, popularised Maurice pretty effectually—so far as it could be done. For it is only, as it were, part of his thought that could be brought down to the level of every-day intelligence; and the chief value of this is that it makes a stepping-stone by which those who are able—*i.e.*, really willing—may rise to the apprehension of the rest. In the same way, Maurice's distinction between "eternal" and "everlasting" would probably have passed unnoticed, as too subtle for the general, had it not been translated into Kingsley's vigorous repudiation of the crude doctrines of

unending torment inflicted as a penalty for non-assent to certain intellectual propositions.

Through such channels as these Maurice's influence penetrated to quarters where his books were scarcely known by sight and his very name would have been unheard but for its frequent occurrence in Kingsley's letters. Now that Kingsley is falling out of date, his "Master," as he loved to call him, is in some danger of being forgotten. Yet we cannot think that the theological world—or, indeed, the world in general—has grown beyond the teaching of Maurice. He may, as we have said, be not exactly a writer for casual spare minutes, he may sometimes be over subtle, and sometimes, as Matthew Arnold said, overburdened with theology. Yet his is an influence we cannot afford to miss. We want his selfless devotion, his unswerving faithfulness to truth at the sacrifice of all or any of his preconceived opinions; his openness to conviction; calm, patient trust in God and in the final triumph of good which never let him despair when times looked dark, or be carried off his feet by any novelty, however dazzling and welcome. Once, at least, his trust in the truth's ability to take care of itself seems to have failed him, as witness his somewhat exaggerated alarm at the conclusions reached by the late Bishop of Natal. It was unfair, with an unfairness which in Maurice was almost unaccountable and inconceivable, to charge Colenso with denying the Divine government of nations—which, by-the-bye, one might say was the sheet-anchor of his convictions—because he thought that some parts of the Pentateuch were unhistorical. Elsewhere, if we remember right, Maurice treats their real value as something quite independent of historical accuracy in detail. But we have no power to enter fully into this question, and perhaps it is unnecessary at this time of day. The publication of Maurice's "Life and Letters" some years ago revived public interest in his name, and we hope that this reprint of his sermons is a token that the interest has not died out.

PLUTARCH'S FOLK-LORE.

PLUTARCH'S ROMANE QUESTIONS. Translated A.D. 1603, by Philemon Holland, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Now again edited by Frank Byron Jevons, M.A., Classical Tutor to the University of Durham. With Dissertations on Italian Cults, Myths, Taboos, Man-Worship, Aryan Marriage, Sympathetic Magic, and the Eating of Beans. (Vol. VII. of "The Bibliothèque de Carabas.") London: D. Nutt.

THIS volume—VII. of "The Bibliothèque de Carabas"—contains neither Isis, Osiris, nor the Oracles, but the "Romane Questions" are a very delightful work nevertheless—both for Plutarch's sake and the subject's, and also for that of Philemon Holland and his sweet, quaint, Elizabethan English. And it has additional features of delightsomeness in an introduction by Mr. F. B. Jevons as interesting and nearly as long as Plutarch's text itself, and in hand-made paper, wide margins, and some of the most beautiful print ever seen.

For the "Romane Questions" themselves, they are, as Mr. Jevons shows, most of them highly pertinent, and such as might be profitably asked by the student of folk-lore to-day. The answers, unfortunately, are less to the point. Plutarch was about the earliest folk-lorist known to history—for we can hardly count Cato, who, though he collected charms and magical recipes, did so only with severely practical ends in view—and can hardly be blamed for ignorance of scientific methods. He appears to have thought that the rites and customs which puzzled him were deliberately, and of set purpose, invented by people at about the same stage of culture as himself. Moreover, he credits these people wherever he can with the most amiable intentions, thus showing himself the kind-hearted old gentleman he was. But, of course, he went lamentably astray many a time and oft; and it never seems to have entered his head (as, indeed, how should it?) that myths usually arise out of customs, and not customs out of myths. He shows, however, the modesty of the true scholar, and seldom, if ever, makes a dogmatic statement. His explanations are usually put tentatively in the form of questions, and he frequently offers three or four alternatives, reminding one of *a* and *b* in an examination paper.

But even allowing for the absence of modern methods and the latest scientific information, we find it, personally, a little difficult to discover the logical connection between some of the questions and their answers. For instance (22): "How is it that they imagine Janus to have had two faces, in which manner they use both to paint and also to cast him in mold?" Alternative (*b*) to this question is "Because he taught and perswaded them" (the barbarous people of Italy) "to live together after a civill and honest sort." Is this a prophetic hint that long-firm swindling is an outcome of civilisation? But perhaps this is carping.

Many of the questions contained in this treatise are solved by Mr. Jevons with a simplicity which reminds us of Columbus' egg. Of such is the taboo of the Flamen Dialis, over which Plutarch boggles for nearly two pages and a half. The reasons how "it commeth to passe that those who are descended of the most noble and auncient houses of Rome carried little moones upon their shoes" are five in number, and highly diverting—one being that "after death our spirits and ghosts shall have the moone under them" (a hypothesis for which no authority is quoted); another, that the practice affords a "holsome lesson" of humility and obedience, "like as the moone is willing to give eare (as it were) and apply herselfe to her better, content to be ranged in a second place." There have been lessons more lucidly given than this. And, after all, the moons are only a piece of sympathetic magic—amulets to avert the action of the moon-spirit which causes lunacy. We have also a very pretty anecdote to account for the cry "Talassio" at weddings. But here Mr. Jevons' information fails him. Nobody knows what "Talassio" means, or ever knew—and perhaps nobody ever will know.

The whole of the introduction is of the greatest value; but perhaps the most important point brought out by Mr. Jevons is this: that the Italians, even of historic times, were still in the animistic stage, and that the imported Greek polytheism was never thoroughly assimilated. Numberless interesting points can be cited to prove this, and many difficulties are cleared up when it is known that—*e.g.*, Vesta was the generic name for the spirits of the hearth, Juno for guardian spirits of women, etc., and that they differed *toto cælo* from the Greek personal, individual Hestia and Hera. This is the key to the fact—dwelt upon by Mommsen, who does not, however, fully appreciate its import—that the Roman deities were mere abstractions—personifications of every possible process or function of human life. Mr. Jevons makes it clear that the official religion of the Roman state was a kind of organised magic.

The main object was to get as complete a list of spirits as possible—*i.e.* to catalogue every possible object and occurrence—since, if you possessed a spirit's name (a very widespread idea among primitive peoples), you could, *ipso facto*, control his doings. We have no space to notice the remaining sections of the introduction—among which we would call special attention to "Man-Worship," "Taboos," and "Sympathetic Magic." The whole forms a very able and readable excursion into one of the most attractive fields of modern science. But we should like to ask why, when (on p. cxxvii of the introduction) Mr. Jevons says "White as a mourning colour, which is prescribed in R. Q. 26, may be paralleled in the customs of Gambreion, in Asia Minor, and in Argos, but the explanation is beyond me,"—he has omitted the salient instance of the Chinese? Why the Chinese do it, we don't profess to know, but perhaps there are Sinologues who do—or can find out. And, in conclusion, we would like to propound a

question upon which neither Mr. Jevons nor Plutarch —so far as we can see—has touched; and that is, How, when, and where did the Sibyl, as certain modern poets have hinted, say that the secret and true name of Rome was got by spelling it backwards —*Amor?* Did she really say it, or was it a mediæval invention, on a par with the sorceries of the Enchanter Virgil?

FICTION.

BLOOD ROYAL: A Novel. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE BOW OF FATE. By Surgeon-Major Greenhow. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

A FAMILY LIKENESS. By F. M. Croker. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE STORY OF A CHILD. By Margaret Deland. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, when he is not engaged in showing how anybody can write a sensational novel, can tell a sufficiently pleasant story. In "Blood Royal," if he is not at his best, he is certainly not at his worst. The tale is all about a family rejoicing in the name of Plantagenet, and their remarkable belief in the glory of their ancestry. Plantagenet, *père*, is only a dancing-master in a small country-town, with a weakness for liquor; but he accepts the free drinks of his neighbours as a tribute to his misfortunes and to the greatness of the position which ought to have been his. Plantagenet, *fils*, is a bookseller's assistant, who regards himself seriously as the Heir-Apparent of a fallen dynasty, and who, when a young lady named Mary Tudor enters his master's shop, feels immediately that Fate has made another alliance between two royal houses inevitable. He is a clever and gentlemanly young man, and, if it were not for his craze about the blood-royal, would have been altogether unobjectionable. He wins a scholarship at Durham College, Oxford, and about the same time wins the heart of young Miss Tudor. Then misfortunes overtake the royal household. The elder Plantagenet insists upon visiting his son at Oxford; is made drunk by a party of rowdy undergraduates; and, falling into the river, puts an end to his worthless existence. Richard, the son, has to leave the University and eke out a living as a clerk in the Pipe Roll Office. Here his business is to decipher musty family pedigrees; and in his leisure hours he devotes himself to the elucidation of the greatest of all pedigrees—that of the Plantagenets. It is a woful day for the young pretender when he ascertains beyond doubt that he and his family have no more title to the name of Plantagenet than to that of Hohenzollern. Muggins, it appears, is the respectable but hardly distinguished cognomen to which they can lay claim; and not even his discovery that his descent from Muggins the tinker entitles him to a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds reconciles the young man to the loss of his royal pretensions. These be the bare bones of "Blood Royal." Mr. Grant Allen clothes them skilfully and gracefully, so that the tale, which in itself is absurd, may be read with pleasure, and even with sympathy, by anybody. But was it really worth the telling?

Stories of the Indian Mutiny have been common enough, especially of late years, and three at least have secured distinction for their authors. We refer to "The Touchstone of Peril," and "Eight Days," by Mr. Forrest, and "The Dilemma," by Colonel Chesney. Surgeon-Major Greenhow, in "The Bow of Fate," does not approach the high level of these writers. There is too much of melodrama and too little of reality in the story of the outbreak at Jahmere, and of the way in which it affected the fortunes of young Spencer, his cousin Lilian Langford, and the other persons of the story. Still, the tale is exciting enough, and if anyone has not yet been surfeited by the record of the horrors and the agonies of the Mutiny year, "The Bow of Fate" may be recommended as a fairly good description of some of the incidents of that tragical time. The local colour in the book appears to be sufficiently accurate.

"A Family Likeness" is also an Indian tale, though with a difference. It deals with the fortunes of a sweet Cinderella, the daughter of a selfish father by his marriage with a woman of inferior position. Cinderella was born when her father and mother were in India. Her mother's death almost immediately afterwards gives the heartless Mr. Carwithen a chance of escaping from a very unpleasant dilemma. Accordingly he entrusts the baby to the care of an English lady who keeps a school for girls, at a small Indian hill station, and, returning to England, in due time makes the wealthy marriage upon which his heart is set. No mention is made to the new bride of the former marriage, or of the poor little girl who is leading her lonely life among strangers on the slopes of the Himalayas. But Mr. Carwithen, who is of gentle birth though scarcely of gentle spirit, possesses one treasure he values above all others. It is the portrait of an ancestress of his, the Lady Juliet, whose charms, as they are displayed upon this canvas, are such that everybody is attracted by them. Mr. Gerald Romilly, a young Indian officer at home on leave, falls an absolute victim to the Lady Juliet of the canvas, and boldly declares that he will marry nobody but someone as lovely as she. Need we go further with the plot? One day poor little Cinderella—who by this time has fallen into worse hands than those of the old schoolmistress—is playing a piano in a deserted and half-ruined house, not far from her miserable home in the hills, when there enters, to shelter himself from the storm, a gallant young English officer. "'Lady Juliet!' he exclaimed involuntarily, as he advanced into the middle of the room and took off his cap." He is, of course, Gerald Romilly; and, though the course of true love runs in its usual perturbed fashion, the plot is virtually at an end when the young prince has discovered Cinderella. Mrs. Croker always writes brightly, and always entertains her readers. If she does not lift them to any great heights of feeling or imagination, she is at least never dull. "A Family Likeness" may be safely recommended. On page 69, vol. iii., the hero is called by the surname of the heroine—an error which ought to be removed when the cheap edition of the book, certain to be demanded by the public, is printed.

"The Story of a Child," told with appropriate simplicity and grace, cannot fail to win the hearts of all lovers of children. Intensity of sympathy and acuteness of observation render this a really striking study of child nature. Little Ellen Dale, its heroine, is delightfully naughty and thoroughly human. Her character, so faithfully portrayed in its complex tangle of impulses, is a masterly bit of analysis; and the reader will follow with interest the narrative of her daring flight from home—for was not "running away" the secret ambition of every one of us at Ellen's age? Ellen is an orphan, brought up with austere kindness by her grandmother, in a sleepy little village in Pennsylvania. Old Mrs. Dale is a firm believer in the comfortable theory that "little girls must be seen and not heard;" so Ellen is trained on the "snubbing" system. This she accepts with the fatalism of childhood, until disturbed by the revolutionary maxims of her new little friend, Effie Temple, a precious young person. Effie's doctrines of rebellion lead to the "running away" of Ellen, whose lonely, frightened wanderings for a day and a night are charmingly chronicled. Childhood will owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Deland, who has expounded with so much quiet humour and delicate insight the enigma of its complicated nature: its fantastic imaginings, its dramatic instincts, its weird, indefinable terrors, its passionate hatred of injustice. There is a delicious scene in which Ellen offers sacrifice to a bronze Buddha, and is subsequently consumed by remorse for her lapse into idolatry; and the quaintly-pathetic love idyll of an elderly couple blends pleasantly with the main story.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE wisdom of re-publishing Mr. Ruskin's youthful essays on "The Poetry of Architecture" is at least open to question. They appeared as articles in a now half-forgotten magazine as far back as the opening of the Queen's reign. Readers of "Præterita" are aware that Mr. Ruskin himself has described the criticisms before us as "deformed by assumption, and shallow in contents," though it is only fair to add that in the same breath he went on to say in characteristic manner that he nevertheless regarded them as "curiously right up to the points they reach." The aim of the book is, of course, to trace in the distinctive character of the architecture of nations, not only the adaptation of buildings to the situation and climate in which they are found, but their association with the prevailing turn of mind in the nation which first fashioned them. It was the great contrast between the cottages of Westmorland and those of Italy which first drew Mr. Ruskin's attention to the subject, and in these essays he describes the cottages of England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and afterwards looks with critical eyes on the villas of Italy and England as they are found in places of romantic natural beauty like Como and Windermere. The book ends with a discussion of the laws of artistic composition, and scattered through it are a number of practical hints and suggestions for the construction of picturesque cottages and country houses. We learn from the book itself that it was Mr. Ruskin's original intention to have carried the discussion from the cottage and the villa to the higher forms of architecture, but *London's Magazine*—perhaps fortunately—came just then to an abrupt end, and a long interval of years elapsed before the writer's purpose was redeemed by the publication of two books, which are already classical—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice." Almost everything which is of the least permanent value in this juvenile effusion has been incorporated in Mr. Ruskin's later and more deliberate utterances. The book is in fact now little more than a literary curiosity, and whatever interest it retains is due to the fascinating and commanding personality of its author. Outside the group of worshippers who display in their attitude towards a great man mental servility rather than respectful critical discernment, this book will not count for much. The world has travelled far since 1837, and the growth of public taste—due largely to Mr. Ruskin's own teaching—has rendered the reappearance of his own tentative, immature work inadvisable. Long after much that is wayward, paradoxical, and extravagant in John Ruskin's boldly held and superbly expressed opinions is forgotten, his countrymen will revere his great and original genius, and recall with tenderness as well as respect his self-denying services to the community, his great heart, and his pure and beautiful life.

We have received a brief "Manual of Syllabic Shorthand," which seems on the whole based on sound principles. It is written by a practical journalist, and all the alphabetic signs are thin strokes or curves, and detached vowel signs are not employed. The system partakes more of the script than the geometrical element, and the majority of the alphabetic signs resemble the slope of ordinary writing. Mr. Simson has prepared this little book for the use of Board Schools, public classes, and private students, and the fact that it has already reached a fifth edition shows that the simplicity and ingenuity of the system have been quickly recognised.

Although "The Dog Owners' Annual" appeals primarily to a special class, all who are interested in canine affairs will find enough in its pages to reward perusal. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom may be roughly divided into those who care for dogs and those who detest them. We are not prepared to say at a moment's notice which of these classes is the larger, but it is, at all events, certain that the friends and admirers of dogs contribute largely to the national exchequer, and include all sorts and conditions of men and women. In fact, so widespread is this predilection that there is a steady demand year after year for a formidable array of books, manuals, and journals which may be best described collectively as the literature of the kennel. "The Dog Owners' Annual" is written by experts, and it discusses in a practical way many questions which concern the welfare of our four-footed friend in health or disease. Several well-known veterinary surgeons contribute articles, and Dr. Gordon Stables waxes quite pathetic about "Dogs in Old Age." Sportsmen may gather a good deal of information concerning the hounds of the United Kingdom and the places where they meet, and they, at least, are sure to relish the account which is given of the race for the Waterloo Cup. Dogs of distinction duly figure in the illustrations, and hints on kennel management abound for the benefit of their lords and masters.

Dr. Alfred Schofield's "Elementary Physiology for Students" is an admirable manual, and one which it is possible to commend with scarcely any reservation. Even advanced students of this branch of science will find the book worthy of consideration, and beginners—provided they are willing to use their own brains—may gather from its lucidly arranged and progressive chapters the kind of knowledge which they will never have to unlearn. Professor Virchow once declared that whoever speaks or writes for the public ought to examine how much of that which he says is objective truth, and he adds that all conclusions arrived at by the laws of analogy, no matter how probable they may seem, ought to be printed in small type under the general text. This is the principle which has avowedly guided Dr. Schofield in the compilation of the present handbook; he has, in fact, entirely omitted long discussions of rival views and theories, and has been content to present concisely to the student the latest facts in the science, and to do so in a more ample fashion than is usually the case in a manual of moderate size. The book contains two coloured plates, many illustrations, and a good working index.

The aim of the "Dictionary of Political Economy," which is now appearing in parts, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., is by this time tolerably well known. Hitherto there has been no comprehensive work of reference on the subject in the English language, though dictionaries on somewhat similar lines have been published in France and in Germany. Mr. Palgrave and his collaborators hope to complete the work in about twelve or fourteen parts of one hundred and twenty-eight pages each. One of these instalments of the book is issued at intervals of three months, and the fourth lies before us, and it carries the work from "concourse" to "debts." A clear and full account, by the late Professor Thorold Rogers, of the origin and action of the Corn Laws is given, the social aspects of the co-operative movement are luminously explained by Mr. Vansittart Neale, the editor discusses commercial and financial crises at considerable length and with a wide appeal to statistics, whilst Professor Edgeworth contributes an elaborate and suggestive analysis of the death rates. Amongst other important subjects which are dealt with at more or less length are consols, the conversion of colonial and foreign stocks, co-operative farming, copyright in its literary, dramatic, and international bearings, relative cost, cotton and the cotton famine, the principle of currency, the economic results of the Crusades, Darwinism, debenture stock, and other points of economic interest. Short biographies are given of deceased English, American, and foreign economists, with notices of their chief contributions to the literature of the subject. The book promises to be, in its complete form, a permanent and authoritative addition to the front rank of works of reference.

We have received "A Primer of Church Fellowship" intended for use in the Congregational Churches, Baptist and Independent alike. The book is not published with the authority of either denomination, but it represents with exactitude, as well as ability, the views commonly held by ministers and people in both of these religious communities. It gives a simple but comprehensive statement of the meaning and obligation of Church fellowship, and it is written in order to meet the needs of candidates as well as to serve as a text book in preparatory classes. The two well-known ministers who are responsible for the work state that they have felt the want of a brief manual of this kind in their own pastoral experience, and they add that while the book necessarily deals with the Congregational idea of the Church, anything in the nature of a set exposition of Congregational principles lies outside its aim. There is indeed no lack of such expositions, and, therefore, Mr. Pierce and Mr. Horne have done well to gather their teaching directly around the personal and spiritual aspects of organised religious life as they understand that phrase. The tone of the little book is altogether admirable, and if some of the sections are rather slight and inadequate, such a drawback can be easily remedied when the volume wins—as it is almost certain to do—renewed and wider circulation.

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* THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NATIONS OF EUROPE CONSIDERED IN ITS ASSOCIATION WITH NATURAL SCENERY AND NATIONAL CHARACTER. By John Ruskin. Illustrations by the Author. Orpington and London: George Allen. 4to. (21s.)

MANUAL OF SYLLABIC SHORTHAND. A system of brief writing by syllabic characters, based on the common alphabet, and written according to the sounds spoken. By James Simson. London: Elliot Stock. Demy 8vo. (1s.)

THE DOG OWNERS' ANNUAL FOR 1893. Illustrated. London: Dean & Son. Demy 8vo. (1s.)

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY FOR STUDENTS. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S., etc., Author of "Physiology for Schools," etc. Plates and Illustrations. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. Fourth part. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Demy 8vo. (3s. 6d. net.)

A PRIMER OF CHURCH FELLOWSHIP. By William Pierce and C. Silvester Horne, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 12mo. (1s.)

A NEW PRINT.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & COMPANY, of Pall Mall, have published a very fine photogravure of the portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted by Mr. Colin Forbes, of the Royal Canadian Academy, and recently presented to the National Liberal Club on behalf of the Liberals of Canada. There is no need to say that the portrait itself is generally regarded as the most successful likeness of Mr. Gladstone that has been painted for several years past, whilst the reproduction by Messrs. Graves is in the best style of photogravure.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE TUTORIAL LATIN GRAMMAR. By B. J. Hayes, M.A., and W. F. Masom, M.A. Univ. Corr. Coll. Tutorial Series. (W. B. Clive.)

THE HIBBERT LECTURES, 1892. Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews. By C. G. Montefiore. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE LAND OF ARARAT. By a Special Correspondent. (Eden Remington.)

TENNYSON AS A THINKER. By Henry S. Salt. (William Reeves.)

NETTA. A Novel. By Edwin Elliott. (Digby, Long.)

SUNBEAMS OF SUMMER. A Novel. By J. H. Pickard. (Digby, Long.)

BABETTE VIVIAN. A Novel. By Christel. (Digby, Long.)

PEOPLE OF FINLAND IN ARCHAIC TIMES. Compiled by J. C. Brown, LL.D., etc. (Kegan Paul.)

BLOOD ROYAL. A Novel. By Grant Allen. (Chatto & Windus.)

SONGS AND SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. *Ed.* Prof. F. T. Palgrave. (Macmillan.)

NATIONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER: A FORECAST. By Charles H. Pearson. (Macmillan.)

THE MASTER OF ST. BENEDICT'S. A Novel. By Alan St. Aubyn. Two vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE MAKING OF A MAN. By Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D. (Hutchinson.)

HOME COOKERY. (Raithby, Lawrence.)

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN. By A Free Lance. (Williams & Norgate.)

JOHN FORD. A Novel. By Frank Barrett. New Edition. (Chatto & Windus.)

A MORAL DILEMMA. A Novel. By Annie Thomson. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

ENGLISH COMPOUND WORDS AND PHRASES. By F. Horace Teall. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

RECENT EVIDENCE FOR THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE GOSPELS: TATIAN'S DIATESSARON. By Michael Maher, S.J. (The Catholic Truth Society.)

THE RAUZAT-US-SAFA; OR, GARDEN OF PURITY: CONTAINING THE LIFE OF MUHAMMAD, THE APOSTLE OF ALLAH. By Muhammad Bin Khâvendshâh Bin Mahmûd. Translated from the Original Persian. By E. Rehatsek. *Ed.* F. F. Arbuthnot, M.R.A.S. Two vols. Part II. Oriental Translation Fund. New Series I. (Royal Asiatic Society.)

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A. New Edition. Three vols. 1792-1878. (Cassell.)

HANDBOOK OF THE RIVER PLATE. With Map. By M. G. and E. T. Mulhall. Sixth Edition. (Kegan Paul.)

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS. *Ed.* Edward Dowden. Vols. II. and III. Aldine Edition. (George Bell.)

PROMETHEUS BOUND. Translated from Æschylus. By Henry Howard Molyneux, Earl of Carnarvon. (Murray.)

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